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Philadelphia Independent

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NO ONE.

VOLUME ONE, ISSUE NO SIXTEEN

SUMMER 2004

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KNIGHT RIDDER HUNS SACK STERN STABLE; 7 STAR SHEETS SOLD

**Inquirer Owners Pay
Estimated \$1.5 Million
For Neighborhood Nags**

INKY SAP IN FAMILY TREE

**Father Ran the Philly Record
Rode the Roosevelt Donkey;
Older Brother Sired Mr. Ed**

70 YEARS OF NEWSPAPERS

N. LIBERTIES, Phila.—Until last month, when he unceremoniously sold the *Fishtown Star* and his six other Star Publications to media behemoth Knight Ridder Inc., Jonathan Stern was a newspaperman, like his father had been.

Well, that's one way of putting it. It is not, to be sure, the way Jonathan's 90-year-old sister Jill put it:

"Jonathan wasn't in the newspaper business," insists Jill Stern Capron, who at one time also published a weekly newspaper, Maryland's *Hartford Gazette*. "That's not the newspaper business. That's something else. Those weren't newspapers."

One of the final issues of the *Fishtown Star* under Jonathan Stern, dated April 28, boasts a picture of powerful state Sen. Vince Fumo on its cover. Granted, you cannot really make out Fumo, because he is obscured by the backside of the dozen or so members of the Northern Liberties Neighborhood Association who showed up to hear him speak, and his head is, besides being about the size of a grain of rice, out of focus. Inside, a column called "City Sojourn" contains an interview with retired schoolteacher Meg Packer, a cousin of the late East Falls-based actress and princess Grace Kelly. There is also a page of birthday, graduation and first Holy Communion announcements, and a healthy selection of advertisements, which brought in about \$2 million in revenue in 2002. When Stern sold his five *Star* and two *Home News* titles to Philadelphia Newspapers Inc. (PNI), the wholly owned subsidiary of Knight Ridder Inc. which owns the *Philadelphia Inquirer*, the *Philadelphia Daily News* and the *Northeast Times* among many, many others, the deal prompted the predictable range of comments from Stern's peers in the newspaper business:

"It's always better when community newspapers are owned by a little guy," from *Philadelphia Weekly* editor Tim Whitaker. "There's a tendency to look over your shoulder when you're run by a big media company."

"The average reader was never aware, never would have known there was a change in ownership,"

turn to STAR, page 5

get drinks, v.

Friends "hang out" or "meet up." Acquaintances "get drinks," scope each other out, and see if it turns into something more. Those who "go drinking" are drunks who may as well just stay in and "have a drink" by themselves—they can't handle just "getting drinks." If they say they can, they are in denial. Because "getting drinks" is about two professional, together people, sharing a laugh and blowing off steam. Maybe they even discuss a little business. If they get drunk, they get drunk, but getting drunk is not the focus and it hardly ever happens. That's the difference. A drunk is not a professional, and one who "gets drinks" is not a drunk.

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The League of Junior Statesmen

CENTER CITY, Phila.—Late last month, four young politicians gathered to discuss what it is like to be young and a politician. Of the four, one, state Rep. Jennifer Mann, 35, of Allentown, was already in elected office. The other three were still waiting for the populace to ratify their ambitions. Oh yes, there was also a fifth, Sharif Street, 29, who arrived half an hour late wearing a large John Kerry button. Street said age became a factor in his unsuccessful 2002 race against state Rep. Frank Oliver when Oliver started calling the mayor's son 'the whippersnapper.' All agreed that one can remain young well into one's 30s as long as one assumes the proper attitude. "Age is much less a time of life than a state of mind," said Hohns, 25, noted for his lobbying on behalf of the city's skateboarders, "a sense of adventure rather than a life of ease." To the youth, what might appear to be a failure is really a learning experience, a triumph in disguise. In his second attempt, Hohns came very close to unseating state Rep. Babette Josephs in the 182nd district, losing by less than 500 votes. "If you take out four divisions, we won by 150 votes," he said. At the other end of the table, Josh Shapiro, 30, formerly chief of staff for Rep. Joe Hoeffel, came across as the most senior of the four yet-to-be-electeds, a mock trial team captain slowly seasoning into a model U.N. security council chair. "It comes down to whether you've got a *fresh* approach and *new* ideas," he said, brandishing his wedding band. Later on there was a cash bar, and plates of fruit and cheese.

ON SOLDIERY

**Troops Build Pyramids in Sandbox
Heel the World with Short Leash**

GENERALS EXPOSE PRIVATES

BY ALEXANDER SWARTWOUT

I would not blame the reader if by now he ran for the door every time he saw the words "prisoner abuse" in newsprint. How many more opinions must we suffer upon a topic that is so universally atrocious as this? Who has devised a phrase more superlatively denunciatory than all the rest that have been thrown around? In fact, I find the whole subject of torture to be tiresome; we have all known for months, even years, that the United States has been engaged in the torture of wrongly-imprisoned human beings. We have known that the inmates at Guantanamo Bay are regularly abused; we have known that the POWs in Afghanistan were grilled in most unsavory and inhumane ways; we have even known that American citizens, held in the Metropolitan Detention Center in Brooklyn, New York, have been battered as badly as if they were Iraqi mujahideen. It has openly been a matter of our personal preference, whether we believe it, or acknowledge it, or just feel so impotent against our own authorities that we cannot bring ourselves to do anything about it. We have been bar-

barians for as long as we have been crusading against Terror. That we have caught a few of our soldiers in the act is just a natural progression—one which, if we might serve ourselves a tiny portion of the credit we have earned, was foreseen in these pages while the war was still young and vigorous. The corporate press may feign restraint around the issue of whether they may ever say We Told You So, but we are not so robotic; we did tell you so, and if you were incredulous then or if you are surprised now, take a good look in the mirror and realize you have been an ingrate.

No, torture is of little interest here. The morality of war is of scant concern; the passage of blame from rank to rank is only an embarrassment to everyone involved, and is not worth our column-space; and even the fate of Mr. Rumsfeld and President 'The Buck Goes That-a-Way' Bush is moot (they haven't understood, from day one, what it is to represent a nation, or a people, or an idea, and they certainly won't learn these responsibilities now).

turn to SOLDIERS, page 8

MEDICINE MEN HUSTLE HAPPINESS PEDDLE PATENTED POTIONS & PILLS; NEW CURES DEMAND NEW DISEASES

HUMAN GUINEA PIGS IN PHILADELPHIA

Since colonial times, the city has figured prominently in the story of human clinical testing. Here are three of the most serious mishaps that have occurred here.

The earliest medical schools, University of Pennsylvania (est. 1765) and Thomas Jefferson Medical College (est. 1824), were joined along the way by schools for less affluent physicians, including privately run anatomy schools and bygone institutions like Philadelphia General Hospital and the Medico-Chirurgical College which once stood at 17th and Cherry streets.

One early scandal involving the city's doctors concerned body snatching. On December 5, 1882, the *Philadelphia Press* let it be known that Jefferson's anatomy department had for some time been buying stolen cadavers from the Lebanon Cemetery for Negroes, which then existed at 19th Street and Passyunk Avenue. The newspaper's surveillance determined that the cemetery's graves had been systematically robbed for years. One night, five reporters and a private detective seized a delivery wagon and its "load of human clay," as the reporter put it—five bodies. The driver of the wagon had two keys in his pocket that opened doors at the medical school, keys that today lie in a glass case at the school's archive. The driver and the cemetery's superintendent had a regular business supplying the college, where an anatomy exam involved dissecting one fifth of a body in front of an instructor. Adult bodies went for about \$5 each, and "the frequency of their visits depended on the bullish or bearish tendency of the stiff market," the *Press* reported. The paper examined the cemetery's records, which showed

turn to HISTORY, page 9

THE KEY TO MANKIND'S HAPPINESS:
DR. LILLY'S → **MAGIC MIND MEDICINE**

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THE BRAZILIAN REPORT

The Risks of Heading South For the Summer

Which local fashion editor and lifestyle consultant was reclining in a padded chair undergoing a routine but sensitive seasonal cosmetic exfoliation when she felt something uncomfortable? It was not, this time, simply the yank of Ms. E.'s hot waxed muslin strip uprooting another row of sensitively placed follicles. It almost felt as if she'd lost something dear, as if she were a rose with a torn petal.

"I felt a curdling feeling, you know how you feel that curdling feeling?" she later reported. Then, she saw blood. "It's because you had sex last night," Ms. E. remarked, a hint of exasperation in her voice.

The editor knew she had not. The procedure, known as the 'Brazilian,' is so named for its origins in Rio and like minded cities of the southern hemisphere, in which women sunbathe in the types of get-ups that involve the partial exposure of regions usually reserved for the eyes of loved and lusted ones. Here in America, women sometimes get appointments for Brazilians for the sake of said loved and lusted ones. Which may be why Ms. E.

was to quick to assume what her client had been up to the night before.

"I have a very masculine sex drive, I need it ten to fourteen times a week," the editor told her friends. "But I didn't have sex." Another lifestyle editor at a competing local publication confessed to taking tranquilizers before undergoing such procedures.

The client and her aesthetician heatedly parted ways, the editor for the emergency room, and Ms. E. for her next client.

The following week, our editor's co-worker and paramour came in for his regular deforestation of the back.

"Oh, I had another client from your magazine," Ms. E. told him upon seeing his business card. "But she had sex the night before she came—it did not turn out so good."

And he knew she had not. "He's never getting his back waxed there again," said the editor. She is currently looking into alternative treatments, creams and lasers and such. Poor Ms. E. may stand to lose a good bit of her word-of-mouth business due to her clients' loose lips.

FIVE YEAR DIARY

... watched tele went to bed. JANUARY 28TH, 1960: Woke up feeling awful. Telephone man came. I went back to bed and slept. Got up in afternoon and dressed, felt better. Mary phoned. Took colders tablets—very good. JANUARY 29TH, 1960: Felt much better. Took Mark for long walk in afternoon. Met David from school. Looked after Mark. Fed him changed him and put him to bed. Cooked supper. JANUARY 30TH, 1960: Got up did shopping. Cleaned up the flat. Met Mary at 1:30 went riding. Ride Mark. Went home with Mary stayed for tea and supper. Had fun. Came home 10:30. JANUARY 31ST, 1960: Got up. Listened to the Archers. Went and did washing. Lamb for lunch. Mummy cooked. Watched film, did washing up. Went to pictures saw Beloved Infidel. Lovely film...

THIS NEWSPAPER CONTAINS

- 2: A former DOC inmate discusses a DOC guard, now known for his work at Abu Ghraib.
- 3: A Helpful GUIDE to the City Budget & Roll Call, our New ROLL CALL of Legislation
- 4-5: Star newspaper story continued. WILLIAM PYM on the Crane Building. KERRY GIBBS on CHARLES BUKOWSKI in Philadelphia. SEPTA LETTERS & BEN KATCHOR comic.
- 6-7: Toilets About Town, PHILIP YAEGER on Taxis & HAWK KRAL's amusing comic.
- 8-9: HELGE REUMANN's comic TORPEDO, the conclusion of ALEXANDER SWARTWOUT on Soldiery & continuation of our inquiry into
- 10: The conclusion of TORPEDO & INDUSTRY NEWS regarding snacks & metals.
- 11-15: Paper Tigers. Continuation of JUSTIN VOGT on RICHARD CLARKE, an interview with JONATHAN RAYMOND, CHRISTINE SMALLWOOD on JOSEPH ROTH, & ANDREW EARLES on True Crime pulp books.
- 16-17: A confounding crime comic by DASH SHAW & our usual PLEA FOR SUBSCRIPTIONS.
- 18: C&C. PHONE SEX DIARY & SPOTTINGS.
- 19: HELGE REUMANN's comic TORPEDO, the conclusion of ALEXANDER SWARTWOUT on Soldiery & continuation of our inquiry into
- 20-21: Gen. Advertisements & Seasonal Forecast
- 22: The Bureau of Puzzles & Games.

Did Eli Lilly's New Elixir Kill 19 Year-Old Traci Johnson?

**KENSINGTON REVEREND BLAMES STUDY
FOR BENSALEM GIRL'S SUDDEN SUICIDE**

BY ROBERT P. HELMS

For the better part of its 70,000-year existence, the human race has had nothing to treat its frequent feelings of helplessness, anxiety, and inadequacy, and likely believed it was experiencing these unpleasant and even debilitating emotions through some fault of its own. By the 1950s, modern psychiatry determined that if these problems were intense enough and recurred often enough, they were in fact a disease called clinical depression, which, they estimated, afflicted fifty people per million. Today, that rate has grown by a factor of 2,000. About 18.8 million American adults over the age of 18 will experience a depression-related illness this year, according to the National Institute of Mental Health, and as many as 25 million of all ages are taking antidepressants.

To prescription drug manufacturers like Eli Lilly & Co., these millions of depressed Americans represent a large and extremely lucrative market. Prozac, the company's blockbuster antidepressant, has generated \$21 billion in sales for Lilly since being approved by the Food and Drug Administration (FDA) in 1987. (Prozac is a selective serotonin reuptake inhibitor or SSRI antidepressant, which acts by increasing the amount of the neurotransmitter serotonin present in the brain.) But in 2001, Lilly lost its exclusive patent to produce and sell the drug and its monopoly on U.S. sales. The company soon began testing another drug, duloxetine, which it hopes to bring to market by the end of this year under the name Cymbalta. While Prozac acts on only one brain chemical, serotonin, duloxetine also affects levels of a second chemical, norepinephrine, which the body releases during periods of stress. Analysts have predicted the drug could make the company as much money as Prozac once had.

Lilly had already tested duloxetine extensively in paid, volunteer human subjects, but in 2003 the FDA asked for one more test, examining the effects of high doses of duloxetine on the heart. Lilly recruited one hundred women for the test, one of whom was 19-year-old Traci Johnson, a Bible student from Bensalem, Pa. who volunteered to earn money to pay her tuition. The trial was conducted at a Lilly facility in Indianapolis, where a Lilly doctor interviewed Johnson and determined that she was a healthy subject with no history of depression. For four weeks, Lilly gave her larger and larger doses of duloxetine, culminating on January 28, when she was given 400 milligrams—five times the regular dose. During the next four days, she was rapidly weaned off the drug and, on February 3, switched to a placebo. Then, on February 7, Johnson tied her scarf to a shower curtain rod in a bathroom at the Lilly research unit and hung herself. She left no note.

Her pastor in Philadelphia, Rev. Joel Barnaby, was at home watching the film *O Brother, Where Art Thou?* with his two sons when he got the call from the Rev. Paul Mooney,

who heads the college Johnson had been attending. Barnaby drove his Jeep Wrangler up Interstate 95 to the family's home and waited with Traci's sister for her parents, who were out to dinner, to return.

"This is one of the saddest things I have to tell you in my role as a pastor," Barnaby, who has since acted as the family's spokesman, told Traci's parents, Mike and Peggy. "Your daughter Traci has been found dead in her room in the control facility of the Eli Lilly company. Their faces turned pale. I remember her mother Peggy saying, 'Oh my lord help me...' She was weeping in my arms, it was such a shock. The parents had been assured there was no risk. They thought that because this was a big pharmaceutical company, they can't hurt you. Their trust was the foundation of her going into it."

Rev. Barnaby remembers Johnson as an energetic and cheerful girl, active in the Greater Church of Philadelphia, a Pentecostal church in Kensington. She'd ministered to the homeless, sung in the choir, taught Sunday school and tutored children from the neighborhood. She had gone to Indianapolis to become a professional preacher. Why would she suddenly kill herself?

"It is my conviction that the drug had everything to do with this. I believe that it is a direct cause of her death," Barnaby said.

In an interview conducted over email, Eli Lilly spokesman Philip Belt disagreed, but declined to offer an alternative explanation: "Suicide is always difficult to understand, and we may never know why this young woman took her life. Based on everything we have learned so far... we do not believe her death was related to her participation in our study."

But this was not the same story that other test subjects got immediately following Johnson's suicide. According to reports in the *Indianapolis Star*, Dr. Mark Leibowitz lied to four other women in the study, telling them that Johnson had a history of depression and shouldn't have made it through the screening process. Leibowitz was the lead physician of the company conducting a simultaneous duloxetine trial

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anecdotal, adj.

There are two kinds of knowledge: things that we know through experience, and things that we know by reading the *New York Times*. The first kind of knowledge is not to be trusted, as our eyes are sometimes liable to deceive. Even when they tell us the truth, what stands out in our memory is usually an anomaly, an outlier, an exception. Until we can combine our experiences with thousands of other cases and thoroughly analyze them, they mean very little. Just because you saw smoke rising from a single building this morning does not imply the entire city is on fire. Why not wait until your anecdote is proven? That way you may never have to make up your mind.

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Ryder PalmeroA FINE PIECE OF WORK, THAT ONE
TO THE EDITORS:

Early this spring, a man named Scott Pressman began cold calling art galleries in Philadelphia. I had the misfortune to talk to this man one morning, and he has brought nothing but distress into my and my colleagues' lives ever since. I have promised myself that I will never see or speak to Scott Pressman ever again, so here's a story about a man I once knew.

I am an art dealer. Mr. Pressman was ringing around as organizer of the second annual Art Philadelphia expo at the Pennsylvania Convention Center, a "high end contemporary art show ... attracting the top galleries and artists from around the world," and we were being lured with the offer of a massive booth and marquee billing for \$5,000. Now, to a dealer, art fairs are a nightmarishly stressful gamble. The major ones (Basel, Miami, Cologne, New York, Chicago) cost between \$20,000 and \$40,000 to attend, presuming you can skirt the rampant cronyism and get your application accepted. Transportation and accommodations for you and your artwork will cost you additional thousands of dollars. Beyond fiscal headaches, these events are physically exhausting and very tense, for the dealer must attempt to stay on their feet and stay beautiful while he or she attempts to recoup the enormous initial costs of the booth in a noisy, feral, fiercely competitive environment. There's glamorous potential at these affairs, parties and art world celebs and networking galore, but the novice learns quickly that an art fair is not a holiday. The assistant director of our gallery bonded with Oprah Winfrey, who was celebrating her fiftieth birthday, at the TAAS fair in New York last January, but she didn't buy anything from our booth and it was all over in ten minutes. That's as much reward as you could hope for at an art fair.

Since I had never heard of Scott Pressman or Art Philadelphia, I turned down his offer flat without asking any of my colleagues. We are wary of snake-oil salesmen, and Pressman's mile-a-minute pitch did nothing for me. He rang back a few days later, undeterred, and chatted up the gallery's director by offering the five-grand booth and perks for free. We understand now that Mr. Pressman had been calling around, lowballing and negotiating and custom-tailoring packages with the city's galleries, making deals and offering bungs so that one gallery might inveigle another to participate, pitching his fair in sly ways to different parties so that he'd get his way. So the fair that promised to attract "the top galleries and artists from around the world" didn't appear to have sparked the interest of a single gallery within a ten-block radius of the fair. Nevertheless we acquiesced, because there was nothing particularly at stake for us apart from a lovely weekend lost to climate control and harsh lighting. If we sold one medium-sized painting, the weekend would be worthwhile.

Boca Raton, Florida-based Pressman Communications Inc. owns a movable rig of tileable two-foot drywall sheets, metal joinery, and carpeting, a bare-bones setup that they schlep from city to city in a fleet of 18-wheelers and scrappily erect in an afternoon with local union help. Before their descent on Philadelphia, they had been at the Spring Break Career Expo in Panama City Beach and the East Coast Hobby Show in Fort Washington outside Philly, and the carnival will roll on through the summer. They made a crass maze of the convention center's hall D, wallpapering it with tat of the most extreme order: woven silk puppy paintings; smorgasbord surrealism that incorporated melting clocks and men with bowler hats on the same canvas (two for the price of one!); a hundred or so gratuitously erotic paintings of what we affectionately referred to as "naked breads," fiberglass faux-Roman architecture and crushed velvet drapes; utterly ambiguous, unspeakable, ethnic art; a large silkscreen of Sting in a loincloth crucified on a canary cross. The dealers at these booths were a mix of slimy double-breasted hair-touchers, hopelessly conned, foreigners, giddy craftsmen-gallerists still wet behind the ears, soft hippies and stiff pornographers from New Jersey, Florida and California, and boardwalk caricaturists. The few reputable contemporary galleries who had been tricked into attending were swept into the corner of the hall in an area patronizingly decorated with red carpet. This misguided attempt at sophistication only served to frighten the clientele from entering these booths, and proved massively distracting to anyone who ventured inside. As well as being unfinished, underlit and rougher around the edges than a 10-year-old's treehouse, the booths were literally falling apart. Ominous noises could be heard throughout

the opening as clip-on lights crashed to the ground, knocking artworks off the wall and further compromising the laughable high-end image of the event. During said VIP opening, an 80-odd year-old woman declared loudly to me that "this is one chintzy party" and I sort of sighed and searched for words. I told her that she had no idea. Four different hors d'oeuvre were stingily distributed through the crowd, greasy capsules of chicken empanada, rubberized hot dog pastries, unflavored white chicken and gray beef on skewers with Kraft-y chemical sauce. The wine was undrinkable and extremely hard to come by, largely because swarms of lushing grannies emptied the trays within ten feet of their leaving the prep area.

As for Scott Pressman, his presence at the fair extended to booming Wizard-of-Oz declarations over the public address system. "This is Scott Pressman! Art Philadelphia will be officially open in five minutes!" He spoke this way as if there was a queue around the block, when in fact the turnout was so pathetic that by the final day he waived the ten-dollar admission so that the dealers who were still there would not die of boredom. Mr. Pressman came round briefly on the third day and shook hands and feigned excitement. He was a tired but wealthy-looking man. As he scooted off on his ridiculous motorized go-kart to greet the next booth I made a rude gesture suggesting he was a wanker, and he turned around and saw me make it.

My gallery netted just under twenty dollars by the end of the four-day event, selling three artifacts from the American South for twenty-five and forty dollars. Though we had not paid a penny for the booth, staffing and transportation had ended up costing over a thousand dollars. Now we are exhausted and humiliated but, hopefully, we will be joking about it by the end of the week. As for the less-established galleries working on tighter margins who had paid for their booths on Mr. Pressman's mysterious sliding scale and still sold nothing, well, this weekend may have put a few of them out of business. As the fiasco drew to a close a petition had gone round, with forty or fifty signatures from dealers imploring Mr. Pressman to refund half of their money. Scott Pressman promised high-end and he delivered box wine. He damaged and depressed the aspirations of the Philadelphia art community as it attempts to celebrate and assert itself as a significant world hub for contemporary art. He is a greedy man who had no desire to help any of our small businesses make any money. And now he's disappeared before we can run him out of town.

Sincerely,
BONES

RE(4): ON VOTING

TO THE EDITORS:

I have neglected, in the difficult recent months of moving house across the ocean, to answer the enormous pile of comments on voting that Mr. Swartwout contributed to your October issue. Before doing so, I must say that your second, shorter editorial statement on why you think people should vote is a great improvement over the first. I might never have written in to dissent, had you started off on such a positive note. I need to be at least slightly irritated to get off my can and write to a newspaper.

Speaking of slightly irritated: I, Robert Helms, who Mr. Swartwout has called an "eloquent epistolarian," and who blushed deeply upon understanding him when he used the word kakistocracy, and who, as a student, actually read that word in its original language, I, Helms, suggest that Mr. Swartwout avoid words like "ignorami" and "cerebra" whenever he is telling others that they are "snobs." For that matter, "wont" and "hoi-polloi" should be used only under the most dire circumstances.

More importantly, however, I disagree with my honorable correspondent in all the ways he ties me in with whoever else holds a U.S. passport. No, I and others of my thinking do not commit the atrocities that the government commits. No, I do not have a closer connection or shared responsibility with an Angelino than with a Patagonian.

Mr. Swartwout, through his veil of wandering, pricey jargon, uses the word "nation" with a precise, blood-and-bone conviction. But a nation is not something that occurs in nature: rather, it is created in order to exploit. One observes every day that the laws of nations apply only to their weaker members; that private corporations form their own free-standing nations, such as the World Trade Organization, which tell their subject nations how to handle their human cattle.

Just as an experiment, abandon your allegiance to your government for thirty days. Pay it no fees, give it no favor in its disputes with any other nation, be loyal only to decency and the simple truths of daily life. You may wind up

the month as a lighter person, aware of baggage that you have no need to carry. You may hear yourself saying, "I give them this, and they give back—what?"

This particular election has a more extreme choice than usual. Mr. Kerry, having managed a few things, read a few books, and visited a few continents during his life, is light-years ahead of his opponent for all the basics, and since he is not obviously psychopathic, he'll probably murder fewer people in four years than Mr. Bush will. However, in order to win in Pennsylvania, Kerry must have friends like Mr. Rendell. Thus he must avoid even the slightest appearance of concern over world-famous injustices like the MOVE and Mumia Abu-Jamal cases. He must never go there at all.

Never mind the details: just do the math. Most of the horrible wrongs that were done in each of the fifty states to place its strongmen in power will have to be forgiven outright. Add to that each case where 10,000 workers have a grievance with an employer; each case where a dwarf faces a looming monster, anywhere on the planet. Already we have about a million reasons why even Kerry, while clean and brave when compared to the filthiest worm of the century, is still filthy beyond all discussion. To be a president, he must look like a "knight in shining armor," but he must actually be a lousy rat. Fire the current wretch, by all means, but don't replace him!

Nine of my direct ancestors stepped from the Mayflower in 1620, seeking refuge from predatory beasts called Church and Nation. I stepped off U.S. Airways Flight #26 six months ago, looking for the same fresh air. Things are not perfectly to my tastes, of course, but at least the wish to remove oneself from the inherent delusions of mainstream electoral politics is better understood here in France than it is in the U.S. In the states, one sees great cartoons, ridiculing the lack of real choice one has in the ballot booth, but over here, it's usually the voter who draws the mockery.



I enclose this postcard-size film poster for *La Guerre des Moutons* and will explain, as best I can, the word-jokes that would be lost in a straight translation. It shows how citizens here aren't shocked or surprised when the electoral process is openly mocked. True believers are illustrated as imbecile sheep who watch a silly puppet show every few years and then wait to be fleeced:

Here they come again!
The War of the Sheep
[in French it rhymes closely with the famous film 'War of the Buttons']
(two little turns and then they go away)
[French elections have two rounds, the first of which includes many candidates from minor parties. But the lyric brings to mind a nursery song, used to entertain every French baby. The babysitter turns and bounces the hand-puppets up and down: "They go like this, this, this, the little marionettes, three little turns and then they go away,"—and they hide the puppets out of sight. The French person who told me all about it was tormented by fits of laughter.]

The Great Film of Elections
Based on the novel 'The Election, a Trap for ...'
[A common expression here is "The election, a trap for idiots."]

With Mr. & Mrs. So-and-So, playing themselves / Adapted, set to music, and directed by D. Mocracy / A TV-Ugly & Radio-Ugly Production.

Attend the premiere and enter the promotional contest 'A Ballot for Destiny.' You can win an electric shaver!

['Tondeuse,' the French word for 'shaver,' means the tool the barber uses to shave a head, but also the tool for shearing a sheep]

Goodbye, Philadelphia: I love you.

ROBERT P. HELMS
NOISY-LE-SEC, FRANCEABU GHRAIB'S GRANER
GUARDED DEATH ROW
IN PA. STATE PRISON

COBBS CREEK, Phila.—Sometime last month, the world lost any remaining illusions of the U.S. as a seasoned and stalwart policeman, grudgingly walking the world's worst beats because damn it, if we didn't do it, who would? Now, we are subjugators, occupiers, and maybe even pervers, amateur snuff film enthusiasts who use innocent prisoners as props for our homemade bondage flicks.

The new international symbol of Americans-as-psychos is the grinning, spectacled, porcine face of Army Spc. Charles Graner Jr., posing with an ice-packed corpse as if it were a trophy buck or surveying a pyramid of flesh. But before Graner became an infamous Abu Ghraib prison guard, he cut his teeth in Pennsylvania's Department of Corrections (DOC). From 1996 to 2003 Graner worked on death row at the State Correctional Institute in Greene County (SCI-Greene). Currently facing a court martial, Graner continues to receive a monthly \$500 stipend from the DOC. His face was a familiar one to Nicholas Yarris, who served the last six of his twenty-two years on death row at Greene before being exonerated by DNA evidence in 2004. On May 12, television cameramen, radio and printer reporters, Black Panthers, curious neighbors and one baby squeezed into two rows of folding chairs at the Uhuru Community Center at 52nd and Larchwood streets to hear Yarris' memories of a younger Graner.

Like any gathering of leftists, the press conference seemed, at times, like a confused scrum of single-issue activists who shared little but a common desire to gripe before the assembled media. Many a dead horse was mashed to pulp by the event's organizers, Kamau Becktemba and Alison Hailey of the International People's Democratic Uhuru Movement. When Hailey announced that every American in Iraq "is there to pillage, rape and maim," Yarris covered his face in dismay. Becktemba's provocative illustration of the connections between Abu Ghraib and the domestic violence practiced by United States law enforcement was lost amid unfortunate exhortations like, "The first thing we have to say ... is that we salute the absolute courage and brilliance of the Iraqi people's resistance to U.S. colonial occupation." Then he brought up Mumia.

But if Yarris, Becktemba, Hailey and death penalty abolitionist Jeff Garis agreed on one thing, it was this: The torture of Iraqi detainees should not surprise a country that pays and trains people like Charles Graner to dehumanize prisoners as a career. When they leave the country and are placed in supervisory capacities, they, in Yarris' words, "export" the violence they learned at home. Another guard implicated in the Abu Ghraib abuses, Ivan "Chip" Frederick, was a guard at Virginia's Buckingham Correctional Center. Graner had previously been investigated for prisoner abuses at SCI-Greene.

Hair covered by a tan baseball cap, Yarris wore a gold ring on his right pinky and a gold bracelet on that same wrist; slightly above the bracelet lay a pitchfork-shaped tattoo. He looked to be in his early fifties and wore large glasses; they softened his face.

"It's not about Graner," he repeated again and again, "but about what our max-security hellholes do to produce Graners."

At Greene, he said, prisoners were allowed one hour of exercise, five days a week, in a "dog kennel, nineteen feet long and eight feet wide." To enjoy this right of exercise, prisoners had to strip and be inspected by guards. "If you weren't completely stripped when Graner came by, you didn't get yard, even though it was a right. Graner just enforced every petty rule," Yarris explained. "You're stripped spread-eagle just to enjoy an hour in a dog kennel, and this is normal ... It's normal. That's what bothers me. It is normal to see nurses responding to violence. It's normal to see stabbings."

While most of the media were eager to hear Yarris describe atrocities he himself received at the hands of Graner, he limited his direct observations to "gruffness, disrespectful tones of speech, racial epithets." When Hank Kimball, an inmate who was acquitted, was released, Yarris heard Graner say in the yard, "Damn. Another one got off the hook."

Garis, sweating in his black suit, wearing a button encouraging his audience to "question authority," summarized the well-documented history of abuse at SCI-Greene, the largest employer in Greene County. In 1997, the Secretary General of Amnesty International declared its conditions "debilitating and draconian." The next year a guard beat a black prisoner and wrote "KKK" on the ground with his blood. A 1998 Department of Corrections investigation found evidence of abuse, but the Department refused to release prison videotapes, and the Greene County District Attorney declined to prosecute any of the guards, Garis said. One has to wonder, as Garis did, if the abuse at Greene had been more thoroughly addressed, would Graner have wound up in a supervisory position in Abu Ghraib, drawing a Pennsylvania state paycheck?

CIRCULATION INFORMATION

THE PHILADELPHIA INDEPENDENT is sold at the following locations, and we're always looking for new ones. Boldface type denotes a new addition.

PHILADELPHIA. Price: \$1.00

The Book Trader - 7 N. 2nd St.
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Rocket Car Cafe - 2001 Frankford Ave.
Slough Foundation - 4017 Walnut St.
Johnny Brendas - 1201 Frankford Ave.
The Firehouse - 701 S. 50th St.
Anthony's Old City Pub - 226 Market St.
Fleisher Ollman Gallery - 1616 Walnut St.
514 Books - 514 Bainbridge St.
AKA Music - 20 N. Second St.
American Mortals - 729 Walnut St.
April 50 - 3406 Sansom St.
The Bean Cafe - 615 South St.
Big Jar Books - 55 N. 2nd St.
Book Corner - 311 N. 20th St.
Bookhaven - 2202 Fairmount Ave.
Cafe Lutecia - 2301 Lombard St.
Cafe Intermesso - 3131 Walnut St.
Dave's Famous Deli - 4th & Bainbridge Sts.
Dirty Frank's - 13th & Spruce Sts.
Easene - 719 S. Fourth Street
Frame - 229 S. 45th St.
Gianna's Grille - 507 S. Sixth St.
The Green Line Cafe - 4329 Baltimore Ave.
Hope on 7th - 701 Bainbridge St.
House of Our Own - 3920 Spruce St.
InFusion - 7133 Germantown Ave.
Institute for Contemporary Art - 118 S. 36th St.
Joe - 1100 Walnut St.
Kelly Writers' House - 3805 Locust Walk
The Khyber - 56 S. 2nd St.
The Last Drop - 13th & Pine Sts.
The Last Word Bookshop - 3925 Walnut St.
Latté Lounge - 816 N. 4th St.
Marathon Grill - 2 Commerce Square
Marathon Grill - Suburban Station
Marathon Grill - 1339 Chestnut

The Marvelous Records & Comics - 208 S. 40th St.

Ministry of Information - 447 Poplar St.
Molly's Bookstore - 1010 S. 9th St.
Mostly Books - 529 Bainbridge St.
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Petit 4 Pastry Studio - 160 N. 3rd St.
Philadelphia Java Co. - 514 S. 4th St.
Rat Pack Cafe - 631 N. 3rd St.
Reading Terminal Market - 12th & Arch Sts.
R.E.Load Baggage - 142 N. 2nd St.
Retrospect - 534 South St.
Robin's Bookstore - 108 S. 13th St.
Robin's Bookstore - 1837 Chestnut St.
Salvato - 602 South St.
Sam's Place - 405 S. 45th St.
She's Bookshop - 706 N. 2nd St.
Space 1026 - 1026 Arch St.
Spaceboy Music - 409 South St.
The Standard Tap - 2nd & Poplar Sts.
The Taco House - 1218 Pine St.
Tin Man Alley - 608 N. 2nd St.
Vagabond - 37 N. 3rd St.
Wooden Shoe Books - 508 S. 5th St.
& from our fleet of news-boxes

ELSEWHERE. Price: \$2.00

Doylstown: Doylstown Bookshop - 16 S. Main St.
Doylstown: Siren Records - 25 W. State St.
Harbortown: Abby's Bookcase - 291 County Line Road
Harbortown: Main Street Records - 11 S. York Road
Media: 20/20 Fusion Cafe - 2 West Baltimore Ave.
Media: Koffee Korner - 15 South Jackson St.
New Hope: Farley's Bookshop - 44 S. Main St.
Pittsburgh: Three Penny Books - 1827 Murray Ave.
Baltimore, MD: Atomic Books - 1100 W. 36th St.
Brooklyn, NY: Clovis Press - 229 Bedford Ave.
Brooklyn, NY: SodaLine - 246 DeKalb Ave.
Chicago, IL: Quimby's Bookstore - 1854 North Ave.
Portland, OR: Reading Frenzy - 921 S.W. Oak St.

The City Budget

3.5 BILLION DOLLARS. 1.5 MILLION PEOPLE. 1,500 PAGES.
ONE SIMPLE GUIDE.

Every year, our overworked and underfunded municipal government grapples with the question "What is the least we can get away with giving people?" The city budget is its 1,500-page answer, authored by dozens of bureaucratic authors and read in its entirety by no one. Like health care, Social Security or the nation's power grid, the city budget is a system so big and so boring that we often leave its management to the paid professionals and must periodically pay the price of suffering for their incompetence.

In other words, the budget is seldom thought about by those who depend on it most—the 1.5 million people who rely on it for police protection, public education, tap water and a host of other city services, except during those periodic breakdowns when the money runs out and the trash begins to fester in the street. This prompts a brief bout of civic interest, in the form of angry phone calls and pointed questions until these sudden failures are corrected and the city budget returns to its usual state of baffling invisibility, staggering onward until its next day of reckoning.

If you're completing your dissertation in macroeconomics, we hope you will find the guide below to be a handy refresher, or at least a quaint crib sheet. But if you're leaving midnight cookies on the doorstep for the volunteer elves picking up your trash, or think "surplus" is the name of Cam'ron's new cognac-based punch, read on. We'd like to help.

On May 31, City Council voted, 12-5, to adopt an operating budget very different from the one Mayor John Street submitted in mid-March, and one very different, in all likelihood, from what will be ultimately adopted later this month. Street has promised to veto Council's decisions to pass a tax-reform package and restore approximately \$15 million in cuts to arts and recreation, the cuts his budget deemed necessary for Philadelphia's fiscal welfare. Council could override his veto with a two-thirds majority, but at the time of this writing it does not appear that they have enough votes.

WHY does Philadelphia need money? What does the city do?

The city of Philadelphia uses your wage taxes, along with property and corporate taxes, federal aid, state grants, parking fines, traffic violations, et cetera to pay police officers, contractors, teachers, janitors, lawyers, et cetera and supply them with concrete, glue, brooms, trucks, photocopiers, et cetera. Then there are the fund managers who take care of all those city employees' pension funds and the financiers who borrow money when City Hall runs short, and of course, Mayor John Street, the seventeen members of City Council and their staffs. Other than the purple PHLASH busses, the city is not responsible for public transportation. SEPTA is a separate authority run by its own board with its own budget, to which the city sometimes contributes.

WHAT is the budget?

It is a document, 1,500 pages long. You can download a 115-page summary at www.phila.gov. The budget states how much money the City of Philadelphia will allow itself to spend in the next year, where that money will come from and what that money will be spent on. This

includes every position proposed for every department, funds for all city contracts, and exact allocations for all materials and supplies—not the exact number of fire trucks, police badges, and first aid kits, but the amount of money that departments can spend on such items.

WHAT is City Hall's role in the budget?

The budget process begins with the Budget Bureau in the City's Department of Finance. The Budget Bureau asks departments and city-funded groups how much money they need in the next year, makes any cuts they deem necessary and hands their recommendations to the mayor's office. The mayor's office gets its own round of cuts and revisions and then delivers the budget to City Council and the public sometime in late winter. Then City Council members get to listen as the departments and city-funded groups plead for more money. Council can shift money between departments (from Licenses and Inspections to the police department, for example) and alter the way money is allocated within a department among five broad categories: personal services, purchase of services, supplies and equipment, insurance and taxes and payments to other

funds. But it has no further control over the details of the spending. Nine of the seventeen council members must vote in favor of a proposed budget in order for it to pass. If council doesn't pass a budget by the end of May, the city could lose state funding. From 1991 to 2003, the mayor delivered the budget by February. This year, however, Mayor Street delivered the budget in mid-March.

If council votes the budget down the first time, it must continue to meet until it can agree on a balanced budget. Whatever they pass must be signed into law by the mayor, as we're learning from this year's stalemate, the negotiations must continue until both sides agree. After July 1, the only way to change the budget is for the mayor to propose a transfer ordinance, which shifts money from one department to another and must be passed by council.

DOES the city have to pass a balanced budget?

Yes. It's written into our Home Rule Charter, in an amendment passed in 1919. But the city can spend more than it takes in and still have a balanced budget so long as it borrows the difference.

WHAT'S to prevent the mayor and City Council from floating bonds to fund a fleet of city-owned Hummers?

Glad you asked. Every year, the city has to submit a five-year financial plan an oversight board called the Pennsylvania Intergovernmental Cooperation Authority (PICA). Why? Under former Mayor Wilson Goode, the city's credit rating had dropped to "junk" status, causing a \$350 million bond offering to unravel. By 1991, Philadelphia was running huge deficits and paying as much as twenty-five percent interest rates on the loans it was taking out to cover the difference. The state legislature then bailed out the city by creating PICA, which allowed the city to borrow money using the state's cleaner credit rating, like a wealthy parent who helps out their prodigal child by co-signing a mortgage agreement. In exchange, the state demanded some level of fiscal accountability; hence the Five Year Plan. PICA must review and grant its approval each year a process that takes about a month. If City Council does not first approve the plan by May 31, then a suspension of PICA loans is possible.

HOW do the numbers of this year's proposed budget break down?

Mayor Street's proposed budget for Fiscal Year 2005 totals \$3.34 billion dollars. This means that the City would have no more than \$3.34 billion dollars to spend from July 1, 2004 to June 30, 2005. The charts above show how those \$3 billion break down:

WHAT programs/institutions are taking the biggest cuts in Street's package?

Just about every city-funded department is being cut in this budget. The Philadelphia Museum of Art and the Atwater Kent are both slated to lose all of their city funding (\$2.5 million and \$292,867, respectively); the city's allotment to the African-American Museum will be slashed by ten percent. The Philadelphia Cultural Fund will lose \$1.4 million, and the

properties and gives \$10 million in tax breaks to businesses—two moves recommended by the Philadelphia Tax Reform Commission.

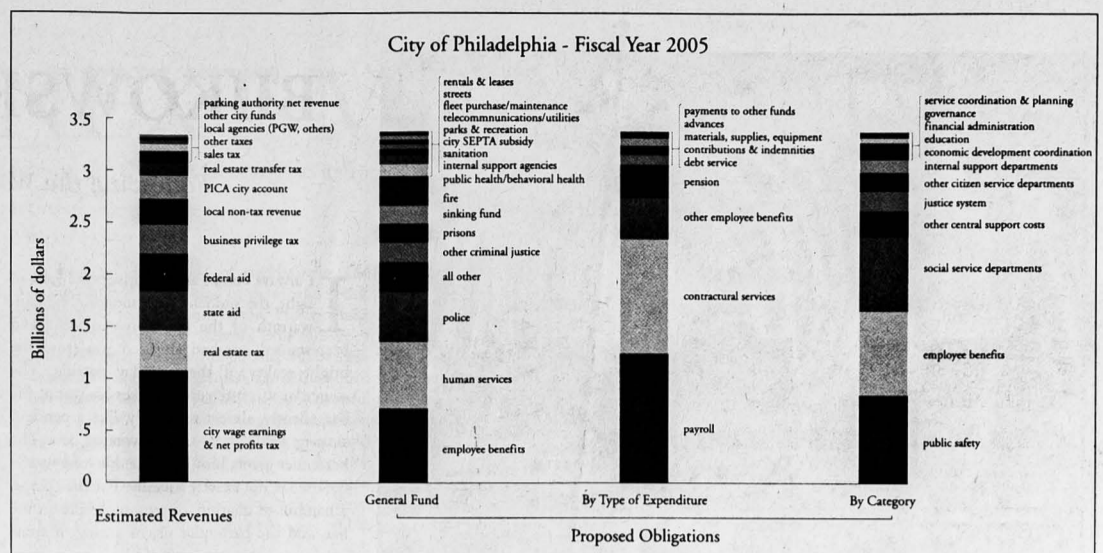
HOW does the budget passed by the City Council compare to Street's?

The operating budget approved by the City Council provides for the following: \$2.25 million for the Philadelphia Museum of Art; \$2.3 million for a range of culture groups, including

eliminate a portion of the business-privilege tax; to not increase the parking tax from 15 to 20 percent as Street wanted to do.

WHAT is a budget deficit?

Whenever the government spends more than it makes, there's a deficit; the bigger the difference, the bigger the deficit. (Whenever the government makes more than it spends, there's a surplus.) The only way to operate with



budget also proposes to shut down the Office of Arts and Culture all together. But the biggest loser, if the budget passes, is the Department of Recreation, which will say good-bye to almost twenty percent of its funds, meaning some twenty pools, thirty-eight recreation facilities and five skating rinks will be closed, according to the estimates of Recreation Commissioner Victor Richard III. The cuts in arts and recreation total \$12 million. The Law Department could lose five percent of its budget; the Police Department, one percent.

WHAT programs/institutions have the biggest increases in Street's package?

There are almost no increases in the budget. A new \$75,000 is set aside to provide wireless internet access in LOVE Park. The Mayor's Office will receive \$412,366 more than last year, plus an additional \$4 million for scholarships. SEPTA, in the midst of a dire fiscal crisis, will see a \$2 million increase in its contribution from the city, which still adds up to less than Philadelphia gave the transit authority in 2003. The budget provides \$3.9 million in new money to the Board of Revision of Taxes to reassess the values of the city's

matching last year's funds for the Atwater Kent and the African American Museum; \$5 million for the fire department; \$1.5 million for the district attorney; \$1.3 million for Saturday hours at the Free Library. The Council also passed a number of tax reform bills that decrease wage taxes and the cost of doing business in Philadelphia; advocates believe that such measures will attract new business and workers to the city, thereby generating economic activity and increasing our overall tax revenue.

WHAT is the Philadelphia Tax Reform Commission?

The Philadelphia Tax Reform Commission is a panel of fifteen experts who study ways to make Philadelphia's tax system more palatable to new businesses and residents. This fall, it submitted thirteen recommendations to the mayor and City Council, several of which appear in Street's Five Year Plan. Among the Council's tax votes, which are now under debate with the Mayor, were decisions to reduce the wage tax from 4.46 percent for residents and 3.88 for nonresidents to 3.25 percent for everybody; to further reduce the wage tax to 1.5 percent for low-income residents; to

a deficit is to borrow money with bond issues or dip into savings from past surpluses. In this year's budget address, Mayor Street said he expects the city to have a \$670 million budget deficit by fiscal year 2009.

HOW is Philadelphia going to handle the deficit?

Controlled borrowing. For example, \$295 million of the mayor's Neighborhood Transformation Initiative (NTI) has been funded with bonds, and Street's proposed budget calls for even more bonds. But the more we borrow, the more expensive it becomes to borrow more. Too much borrowing and the city's credit rating will drop to junk status, as it did in 1990, causing a state of fiscal emergency.

WHERE can I learn more?

You can download a summary of the budget at www.phila.gov, the city's official website. Former City Councilman Ed Schwartz's organization, the Institute for the Study of Civic Values, has a very helpful site for reading and understanding the budget at <http://www.phillyneighborhoods.org/City-Budget/>.

ROLL CALL

A Selection of Local & Federal Measures From the Last Sixty Days

HOW YOUR ELECTED REPRESENTATIVES VOTED

The city, state and federal governments will make hundreds of decisions this year. These questions will be discussed in rooms with wood paneling and drop ceilings, decided by five caucuses of individuals with the power to write the laws over and over again—our elected officials. Their measures range from questions of global scale to the utterly mundane; everything from signing emissions treaties and budgeting Social Security's future to striking obsolete streets from the city plan and giving honorific names to post offices and libraries. While these decisions are made in open meetings that are a matter of public record, it takes some work to figure out just what went down, and just who went which way on what. That last question, "on what," is often the toughest one of all to answer, as the essential parts of a bill tend to be ground up and sprinkled over lengthy and complicated paragraphs. Why not have us do the legwork for you? Beginning with this issue, THE INDEPENDENT hereby volunteers to help you keep tabs on your most prized employees.

THE PHILADELPHIA CITY COUNCIL

Summary of Bill or Resolution	Votes: Aye, Nay or Absent															Result	Status
CONVENTION CENTER DIBS (040024): Makes area between 13th, Arch, Race, and N. Broad streets into a Pending Public Acquisition District, which makes new development more difficult for two years as center looks to expand.	👍	👍	👍	👍	👍	👍	👍	👍	👍	👍	👍	👍	👍	👍	👍	PASSED 17-0	Signed into law by Mayor Street.
WALNUT STREET TAX BREAK (040157): Identifies 436 Walnut St. as "blighted" and provides \$21.5 million in tax breaks as an incentive for insurer Ace Ltd. to keep 920 jobs in Philadelphia.	👍	👍	👍	👍	👍	👍	👍	👍	👍	👍	👍	👍	👍	👍	👍	PASSED 17-0	Signed into law by Mayor Street.
WEAPONS & SCHOOLS (040114): Bans knives, guns, "nun-chuck sticks," and all other weapons from 100 feet of public and private schools. Violators face up to \$300 in fines or 90 days in prison.	👍	👍	👍	👍	👍	👍	👍	👍	👍	👍	👍	👍	👍	👍	👍	PASSED 16-0	Signed into law by Mayor Street.
SIDEWALK SHOPPING FOR ANTIQUE ROW (040151): Allows stores on the 900 through 1300 blocks of Pine Street and 1523 and 1529 Spruce Street to spread their wares out on up to forty inches of sidewalk.	👍	👍	👍	👍	👍	👍	👍	👍	👍	👍	👍	👍	👍	👍	👍	PASSED 16-0	Signed into law by Mayor Street.
GENERAL FUND TRANSFER (040089): Divides up about \$4 million in leftover money budgeted for debt service and gives it to the Sheriff, Register of Wills, Dept. of Streets, Board of Revision of Taxes, Auditing Dept., others.	👍	👍	👍	👍	👍	👍	👍	👍	👍	👍	👍	👍	👍	👍	👍	PASSED 15-0	Signed into law by Mayor Street.
WAGE & NET PROFIT TAX CUTS (040099): Cuts citywide resident wage tax from 4.5 to 2.96 percent next year, and then down to 1.75 percent by 2014. Also cuts wage tax cuts for nonresidents and cuts net profits tax.	👍	👍	👍	👍	👍	👍	👍	👍	👍	👍	👍	👍	👍	👍	👍	PASSED 9-8	Sent to Mayor Street, veto is expected.
GROSS RECEIPTS TAX CUT (040101): Gradually phases out citywide business privilege tax on gross sales receipts tax by 2015.	👍	👍	👍	👍	👍	👍	👍	👍	👍	👍	👍	👍	👍	👍	👍	PASSED 9-8	Sent to Mayor Street, veto is expected.
BUDGET TUG OF WAR (040255): Approval of new 2005 operating budget for Fiscal Year 2005 with about \$15 million more for the arts, parks and recreation, the fire department, the Free Library than Mayor Street's version.	👍	👍	👍	👍	👍	👍	👍	👍	👍	👍	👍	👍	👍	👍	👍	PASSED 12-5	Sent to Mayor Street, veto is expected.
LOW INCOME TAX REFUNDS (040397): Provides additional wage tax cuts for low income and very low income residents who qualify for state tax aid.	👍	👍	👍	👍	👍	👍	👍	👍	👍	👍	👍	👍	👍	👍	👍	PASSED 14-3	Sent to Mayor Street, veto is expected.

THE UNITED STATES SENATE

Summary of Bill or Resolution	Votes: Aye, Nay or Absent					Result	Status
BIOSHIELD: Gives Dept. of Homeland Security \$5.6 billion to research treatments for chemical, biological, or nuclear attacks.	👍	👍	👍	👍	👍	PASSED 99-0	Sent to President for approval.
2 FREEDOMS: Creates separate medals for military who served in Operation Enduring Freedom and Operation Iraqi Freedom.	👍	👍	👍	👍	👍	PASSED 98-0	Sent to President for approval.
ABU GHRAIB: Resolution condemning the abuses at the Abu Ghraib prison in Iraq, and urging a full investigation.	👍	👍	👍	👍	👍	PASSED 92-0	Adopted.
NO SURF TAXES: Bans states from taxing internet access or levying a special tax on electronic commerce through October 2007.	👍	👍	👍	👍	👍	PASSED 93-3	In joint committee with House.
FETAL RIGHTS: Makes new crime for those who kill an "unborn child" by causing pregnant mother to miscarry. Legal abortions exempted.	👍	👍	👍	👍	👍	PASSED 61-38	Signed into law on April 1.

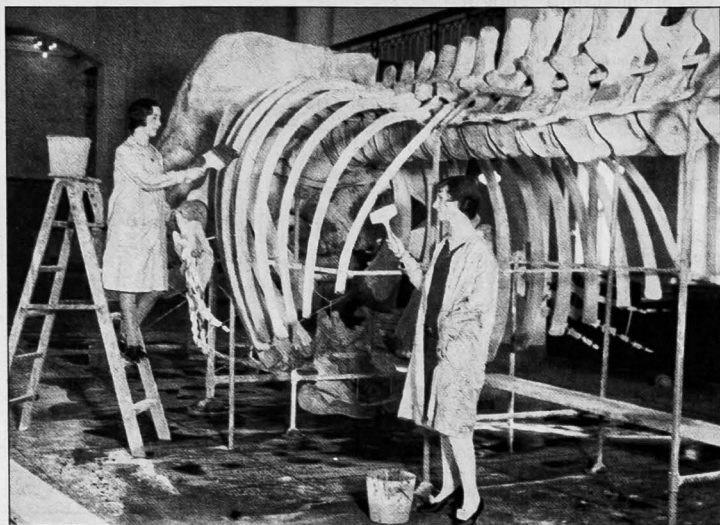
THE UNITED STATES HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Summary of Bill or Resolution	Votes: Aye, Nay or Absent					Result	Status
KID TAX: Keeps child tax credit at \$1,000 through 2009. Raises income threshold for credit to \$250,000 for married couple.	👍	👍	👍	👍	👍	PASSED 271-139	Sent to Senate for approval.
GUNS & BUTTER: Increases Dept. of Defense budget by \$415 billion through 2009, with additional money for testing nuclear weapons.	👍	👍	👍	👍	👍	PASSED 391-34	Sent to Senate for approval.
ABU GHRAIB: Condemns the abuse of Iraqi prisons, expressing continued support for "partnership of the U.S. w/ the Iraqi people."	👍	👍	👍	👍	👍	PASSED 365-50	Adopted.
DAY IN COURT: Limits punitive damages for some medical product producers to \$250,000. Protects makers of FDA-approved products.	👍	👍	👍	👍	👍	PASSED 273-152	Sent to Senate for approval.
CAMPUS SPOOKS: Requires colleges and universities to allow the military and CIA to recruit on campus or lose federal funds.	👍	👍	👍	👍	👍	PASSED 343-81	Sent to Senate for approval.

METRONAUT

CURVED LINES IN THE STRAIGHT GRID

time machine

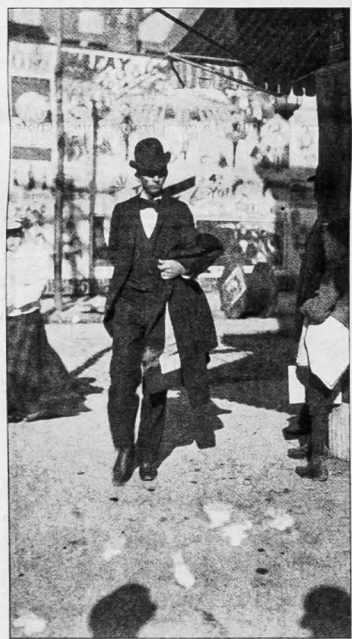


PREHISTORIC CREATURE FOUND ON JERSEY FARM

WORLD'S 1ST DINOSAUR

The skeleton in the picture above is a sperm whale from the Academy of Natural Sciences at 19th and the Parkway. Little does he know he might still be housed at Broad and Sansom streets, were it not for the appearance of *Hadrosaurus fouldii*. A half-reptile, half-bird creature that stood on two legs, the first *Hadrosaurus* was unearthed on a

farm in Haddonfield, New Jersey in 1858. *Hadrosaurus fouldii* was the first complete dinosaur skeleton ever unearthed, a life-size glimpse of the Cretaceous Period, which ended 65 million years ago with the mass extinction of all earthbound dinosaurs. Ten years later, a three-story reproduction of *Hadrosaurus* was unveiled at the Academy of Natural Sciences, drawing visitors from around the world who came to gawk at the handiwork of sculptor Waterhouse Hawkins. *Hadrosaurus* drew such large crowds that the Academy began charging admission and cut back on the number of days they were open to the public. By 1876, *Hadrosaurus* had forced the Academy into new, larger quarters at 19th and the Parkway, where both have resided ever since.



Images and text courtesy of the Historical Society of Pennsylvania.

THE TEMPTATIONS OF THE TENDERLOIN

SEX, OPIUM & BILLIARDS

This photograph, shot by David Garrigue around 1915, was taken in the heart of the red-light or tenderloin district, one of Philadelphia's three notorious "vice" areas. Chinatown, known for its opium and cocaine traffic, and the "furnished-room" district, home of vagrancy and prostitution, were the other two. The tenderloin extended from 6th to 13th Streets, from Race to Callowhill, but was centered on Vine Street from 8th to 11th. In the tenderloin, derelicts could spend the night in flophouses while sailors on leave and workers in the loft industries spent their pay in tattoo shops, pool halls, pawnshops, cheap taprooms and penny arcades. In 1913, a study by the city's Vice Commission found about 3,800 prostitutes working in Philadelphia, along with 350 hotels and rooming houses catering to their needs.

stationery

The Septa Letters

I WRITE TO STRANGERS ON THE TRAIN

BY LIZ RYWELSKY

4. MARKET-FRANKFORD LINE TO BERKS, 7 P.M.

She is a new type of person, a type I haven't seen on television or in advertisements yet. She holds a crisp look in her eye, has muscular dark skin and a chiseled face. She must be about 26, with the cold knowledge of seven broken hearts. She portrays a stature, like a new kind of means-business woman. I tell her exactly all of this in a short letter.

The train is going north and she is standing in the doorway facing the east. I stand next to her as the train pulls into Berks. When I offer her the letter she turns suspicious, her beauty sours and falls away from her face like a mask. I pull my hand back and walk off the train. We glance a fuck you of confusion at each other through the train window. I walk off.

That was early April. These days, I like to ride my bike and only take the train when I'm going to work in the early morning. I still see many pretty people and I write them letters, but sometimes it is harder for me, now that the writing of letters to strangers has become a conscious thing.

5. MARKET-FRANKFORD LINE TO 40TH ST., 11 P.M.

I step on the train, make an immediate right, and then another right into the first seat. Catacorner from me, a huge man in a purple sweatshirt spills across two seats, sipping fried chicken off little brown bones, a doggie bag's worth of crumbs resting on his purple titts. Two seats behind him are a pair of brightly garnished women. The one closest to the wall is making loud hand gestures while saying "my fucking money" sharply over and over again in conversation. The woman next to her self-consciously nods beneath what appears to be a very heavy head of wig, earrings, and lipstick. Sitting in the row between them is a boy about my age. I can see his face reflected in his window. He, too, is looking out the window at his reflection. He doesn't notice me as we watch him glow, like a fast heartbeat, with every passing tunnel light.

At 40th Street, I leave him content in his reflection. No letters passed.

Liz Rywelski lives in Philadelphia. She can be reached via email at liz_space1026@yahoo.com.

registry

BUKOWSKI IN PHILADELPHIA

Following the Wobbly Footsteps of the Writer's Five Year Layover

BY KERRY GIBBS

It always comes as a surprise—the rush of light, the sudden street sounds. The dark warmth of the smoke-seared walls and beer-stained bar had shielded you from the bright reality of the weekday outside. The source of this interruption takes his seat at the bar, silently, almost reverently, like a penitent sinking softly onto a hard wooden pew. The bartender greets him by name, his tone wearily familiar, not exactly friendly. The man places a handful of quarters or crumpled bills on the bar, and the bartender places a mug of some pale generic beer in front of him.

He, like you, is a 'regular.' But it's different when they say it about him. You're the regular patron. He's the barfly. The barfly is not a bum; he is a drinker. He is neatly, if unfashionably dressed. He has a home and a job, or at least the prospect of getting another one soon. His goal is not to get drunk, though that might happen, but simply to drink. There is no purpose to his drinking. No drowning of sorrows—they sunk, bloated, to the bottom of his glass a long time ago. He just wants to sit and drink until his money runs out.

There are those days, usually payday, that he becomes visibly intoxicated. Not rollicking, hail-fellow-well-met drunk, not obnoxiously the-lid-is-off-my-repressed-anger drunk, just quietly, irreparably inebriated. On those days the bartender will gently tell him it's time to go home and sleep it off. The really good ones will even call him a cab. And the next day he'll be back, quietly placing his handful of coins or crumpled bills on the bar.

If you ask about him when he's not around, the bartenders and regulars will tell you some things. Like the Gospels, their stories will bear a resemblance to one another but differ just enough to cast doubt over the entire tale. If you buy the barfly a drink, he might tell you his story himself. He'll tell you about the loves he's won or lost, but it'll be that less-than-perfect sort of love that exists between ordinary folk just trying to understand one another. There will be hookers but they won't have hearts of gold. There will have been opportunities for great success, always missed, of course, through no fault of his own.

Every barfly has his own story that led to this barstool. Ultimately, they have only one thing in common: the will to drink. No one has ever captured the shadowy world of the dedicated drinker better than novelist, poet, and screenwriter Charles Bukowski. Long before his raw, lyrical, unexpurgated writings made him the original old bastard of American letters, Bukowski was a barfly at a Philadelphia corner bar.

Henry Charles Bukowski was born in Andernach, Germany in 1920 and died in Los Angeles in 1994, where he had spent most of his life. His tombstone reads simply: "Don't Try." Bukowski published forty-five books of poetry and prose and in each one endeavored to appear as if he were not trying. Other than himself, the main character in most of his work is Los Angeles itself. But to Bukowski, L.A. was never Tinseltown, the L.A. of Rodeo Drive, the Ivy, and mansions in the Hollywood hills. Bukowski's L.A. was Alvarado Street with its dive-bars and flophouses, an L.A. that revolved around cheap booze, dead-end jobs and afternoons at the track.

He worked a variety of low-end jobs, spending eleven years in the U.S. Postal Service, before finally quitting to write full-time at the age of 49. At no point was he slumming for the sake of his art or taking low-paying jobs in order to write about how awful it is to work a low-paying job. Bukowski was a worker, a drinker, and a sometime lover, and felt compelled to write about life as he knew it. By the time of his death, he had garnered a certain amount of critical praise and had secured a healthy fan base in the U.S. and Europe. With that modicum of success, Bukowski unashamedly bought himself a nice home in San Pedro and a BMW. Poverty wasn't a shtick for Bukowski. He was poor and he wrote about it, and then he wasn't so poor and he wrote about that, too.

In the late 1970s, German director Barbet Schroeder paid Bukowski \$10,000 to write an original screenplay; the semi-autobiographical result, *Barfly*, was finally released in 1987. The

film takes place in a seedy L.A. dive, the Golden Horn; its main character, Henry (Mickey Rourke), makes an uncompromising and unattractive portrait of the artist as a young man. For the love interest, Wanda Wilcox (Faye Dunaway), Bukowski drew on memories of his first real love, Jane Cooney, whom he met in the Glenview Bar on Alvarado in 1947 when she was 38 and he, 27. They lived together, drank together and fought with each other in a succession of apartment houses around downtown L.A. She finally left him, ostensibly because she thought he was cheating on her, but probably

Symphony when he heard a knock at his door. He figured it was either one of the corner prostitutes, whom he believed were all in love with him, or somebody coming to give him the Nobel Prize, but when he opened the door he found two large FBI agents who escorted him downtown for questioning. They asked him why he had dodged the draft and Bukowski explained that he was 4F, psychologically unfit. They wanted to know why he hadn't informed the Draft Board of his change of address. Bukowski replied that he thought the whole thing was over when he was declared unfit.

The FBI decided that he would need to be held for further investigation. The next day he was moved to Moyamensing Prison.

Bukowski shared a cell with Courtney Taylor, a fat little man who introduced himself as "public enemy number one." Although in 1945 Taylor was just a small time fraudster, manufacturing checks and forging draft cards in his basement, year later he did end up on the FBI's Ten Most Wanted List. The bunks in their cell were covered with bedbugs, and Bukowski and Taylor once bet a nickel per bug on who could catch more, a game Bukowski won despite Taylor breaking his bedbugs in half. In the exercise yard the inmates played craps and Bukowski got on a roll "making more money than I ever did on the outside." He described the experience in a poem called "Moyamensing Prison" in his 1972 book *Mockingbird Wish Me Luck*.

Of his time in Philadelphia, Bukowski wrote:

you know
I sat on the same barstool in Philadelphia for
5 years

I drank canned heat and the cheapest wine
I was beaten in alleys by well-fed truck drivers
for the amusement of the
ladies and gentlemen of the night

Burning in water Drowning in flame (1974)

At the corner of 17th and Fairmount streets is a bar called 17th Spot. Renovated last year by owners Gloria and Jay Guzman, it was formerly known as Mr. Jay's Place. The Guzmans have owned the place for about four years. According to the Liquor Control Board, there has been a licensed establishment at the location since 1933. Unfortunately, the LCB no longer has records of what the bar was named during the time Bukowski would have been a patron. Before the Guzmans bought it, it was the Morning Glory and embodied still more of the kind of ambience described in Bukowski's poetry:

After arriving in Philadelphia I found a roominghouse and paid a week's rent in advance. The nearest bar was fifty years old. You could smell the odor of urine, shit and vomit of a half century as it came up through the floor into the bar from the restrooms below.

It was 4:30 in the afternoon. Two men were fighting in the center of the bar.
Factotum (1975)

In a 1987 interview, Bukowski explained that the bar in *Barfly* was based on his Fairmount Avenue haunt. "I was hiding out ... I didn't know what else to do. This bar back East was a lively bar. It wasn't a common bar. There were characters there. There was a feeling. There was ugliness. There was dullness and stupidity. But there was also a certain gleeful high pitch you could feel."

Eddie, the nighttime bartender in *Barfly* (played to perfection by Frank Stallone) was based directly on Philadelphia bartender Frank McGilligan, whom Bukowski described as "a big ox with a cruel streak." McGilligan would regularly take Bukowski out back to "fight," which usually meant a beating and a couple of free drinks. *Barfly* opens with a scene of the two men smacking the spot out of each other in the alley behind the bar. Beautiful and brutal, it captures perfectly this aspect of Bukowski's life in Philadelphia. In the *Barfly* screenplay, Bukowski described McGilligan as such:

Twenty-four. Stocky, square-jawed,
turn to BUKOWSKI, page 7



Charles Bukowski (center) poses with his fellow barflies.

because he had stopped drinking (briefly) on doctor's orders.

The relationship with Jane was Bukowski's first serious one—she was only the second woman he had ever slept with—and she would inspire some of his most powerful writing. She turned up as Betty in his first novel, *Post Office*, and Laura in the second, *Factotum*. She inspired much of his best poetry, most notably in the book *The Days Run Away Like Wild Horses Over The Hills*. Jane died well before Bukowski became famous and well before their life together was immortalized on the silver screen.

But while *Barfly*'s central 'love story' was based on his experiences in L.A., most everything else in the screenplay was actually inspired by the years Bukowski spent right here in Philadelphia.

According to a file the FBI maintained on Bukowski, he lived in a rooming-house at 603 N. 17th Street from January 1942 until August 1945. The file also reports that he was employed at the Fairmount Motor Works at the corner of 16th and Fairmount streets, for the same period of time. However, the FBI took most of their information directly from



The rowhouse at 603 N. 17th Street, where Bukowski slept it all off.

Bukowski's employment file at the Postal Office in L.A., which took at face value the information Bukowski wrote on his application form. Other records show that Bukowski was in fact living in San Francisco in 1942, where he drove a truck for the Red Cross and registered for the draft. After San Francisco he lived briefly in New Orleans and Atlanta before ending up in New York in the spring of 1944, where he worked as a stock room boy. He didn't like New York, so he left, saying that he wanted to live in a "nice, shady, quiet city where everything is calm, where people are decent, where there's no trouble."

We can be certain that Bukowski was living in Philadelphia by July 22, 1944, because on that date he was in his room on 17th Street, drinking a bottle of port and listening to the second movement of Brahms' Second

THE MICROSCOPE



STATUARY Don Quixote

A statue of Don Quixote, a 1997 gift from the people of Spain, stands at perpetual attention on the small triangular island of grass formed by Girard Ave., 2nd Street and American Street, a delta marking the point where the river of Northern Liberties real estate speculation branches off into its smaller Kensington and Fishtown tributaries. Mr. Quixote may be a real estate scarecrow, patrolling the northernmost border of good sense. He reminds me of the Spanish mannerist master El Greco, an artist whose subjects' bodies seem to be composed of flickering, momentary flames. Like his countrymen Diego Velazquez (100 years on) and Francisco Goya (200 years on), El Greco's portraits of the upper classes whispered of nobility's leprous nature, of the deep-rooted secret frailties behind the most composed and most visible figures in society, the figures from whom, incidentally, they all made their living. With El Greco's disintegrating men in mind, then, this Don Quixote of Girard Avenue has legs that strain the stirrups sticking out like wooden pegs around the horse, and the rigid arm seems only an extension of the lance it is clutching. The outer pose is frozen with purposeful and brittle pride, begging the question of what's underneath the tough, rigid exterior. It could be priapism, or it could be rigor mortis.

—WILLIAM PYM

THE MICROSCOPE

REFRESHMENT Café Gabrielle T

At 123 N. 11th Street, Café Gabrielle T rests quietly on Chinatown's dingy western edge, facing the uninspiring gray bulk of the Convention Center. Not the most obvious place for an Italian café, the brick faced façade is slightly creepy, despite the cheery signage.

But, like a Greyhound station at dawn or a divey diner cocktail bar, Café Gabrielle T exudes a certain undeniable charm. When you walk in, a ready guy who could probably cough up a fully formed barista of far to assist him will greet you with a grunt, possibly accompanied by a wheeze. He and a tattooed pal of little words help out with the counter, while the owner strolls around and yells jovially into his cell phone.

A somewhat jarring mash-up of Chinese and Italian decorations adorn the long cream and terra cotta room. The lighting is just south of romantic—and while you sip a cheap tea, coffee or cider and contemplate the \$4 plate of spaghetti, you can light a candle and peer down at the table top photo collages of the café's employees, business cards with South Philadelphia addresses and the faces of Chinatown.

Chessboards and ashtrays seem to invite a long stay, and since they are open until 10 p.m. every night, you can actually take advantage of the invitation.

—CARRIE JONES

GOD'S VAN

took her away. He collects different things everyday, she happened to be one of them.

She listened to the radio in shotgun.
God patted her leg.

God's van was like a wounded bird;

it traveled straight always. It tumbled over bridges and rode underwater.

The Van moved slow through the Arctic.
God mixed Vodka with Glacier water.
Michelle knitted a scarf.

—CHRIS WARD

METRONAUT

FOUND & LOST

Father Owned New York Post, Son Just Sold Fishtown Star

from STAR page 1

from Frank Gusoff, managing editor of the *Northeast Times*, remembering what it was like when his paper was swallowed by PNI in 2001.

"That's the most insidious thing about corporate ownership!" from Philadelphia *City Paper* founder Bruce Schimmel. "Just because you don't notice the intrusion of ownership doesn't mean the owner isn't shaping the news."

Though unlikely to gain the notice of any Pulitzer committees, the *Star* and its sisters were indeed newspapers.

But they were perhaps something less than the kind of newspaper on which Jonathan and Jill were raised. The newspaperman with whom they grew up, their father Julius David Stern, was a feisty rebel. Discontented with his status as stenographer of the first rough draft of history, J. David Stern wanted to make it. His book *Memoirs of a Maverick Publisher* lists plenty of times he came close.

There was the time, recounted on page 190, when he, as publisher of the *Philadelphia Record*, got together with a newly elected Franklin Delano Roosevelt and laid the foundation for the New Deal.

"What would President Stern do first?" FDR asked, a little patronizingly, to which Stern suggested, in utter defiance of the conventional economic wisdom of the time, inviting the economist John Maynard Keynes to the White House. The president did not seek out Keynes until a year later. "If he had taken my advice a year ago," Stern lamented, "He would have saved time and billions in licking the depression."

There was the time in 1933, recounted on page 214, when he went against the practice of every publisher in New York and joined prominent anti-Nazi lawyer Sam Untermyer's boycott of German goods by printing, in his *Philadelphia Record*, Untermyer's screed against Macy's, which continued to import German goods. "New York newspapers would not print a line of his attacks on their largest advertiser," he wrote. "In December I bought the *New York Post* and found myself in the doghouse with New York's leading advertiser."

There was the time he published the *National Record*, a short-lived national weekly designed to push FDR's policies. With subscriptions pouring in from the Democratic National Committee, the *National Record* sold as many as 3,000,000 copies an issue, a higher circulation than any U.S. newspaper can claim today.

And there was the time in 1941 when he, against the will of his own editorial board and against the grain of every single major newspaper at the time, warned the country not to make a lasting alliance with Stalin's Russia. This is on page 263. "There can be no united



Offering the Record: Philadelphia-Camden Newspaper Guild Members picket the paper's offices

front for democracy with enemies of democracy," he wrote in an editorial, because his editorial writers refused to draft it. When FDR returned from Yalta, he chided the President, "You gave old sourpuss [Stalin] everything but the kitchen stove."

There was also the time he persuaded Jack Kelly, handsome athlete, bricklayer-about-town and father of the to-be Princess Grace of Monaco—and uncle of the aforementioned schoolteacher Meg Packer—to lead Pennsylvania's fledgling Democratic Party.

And then, sadly, there was the time Stern was forced to sell out. By 1947, the zealous New Deal liberal who prided himself on being one of the country's most union-friendly newspaper publishers could no longer meet the demands of the Philadelphia-Camden Newspaper Guild. He sold his holdings to the *Philadelphia Evening Bulletin* for \$12 million. Camden went another thirteen weeks before seeing the next *Courier-Post*, but the *Record* was never published again.

There was also the time Jonathan was born, in 1930, when J. David was 44 and his wife Juliet 43 years old. That occurs on page 140 of *Memoirs*, the only mention of the youngest of J. and Juliet's four children. By the time his younger brother was born, David "Tom" Stern III had graduated from Harvard University and was already showing promise as a newspaperman. When his father bought the *New York Post* in 1932, "Tom," who was working at his father's Camden paper, the *Courier*,

stepped in to run the *Record* in Philadelphia; he then moved north for a position as vice-president of the New York paper. During World War II, he served not only as a captain in the U.S. Army, he began work on the novel *Francis, The Talking Mule*, a book about an army mule whose sage advice to his inept lieutenant owner wins battles and astounds the military brass. The novel was made into a series of movies in the 1950s, and in the 1960s its director resurrected the premise for the TV show "Mr. Ed."

While David Stern III returned from the war to become a top executive at the *Record*, and, after his father sold the paper, an owner of the *New Orleans Item*, his younger brother turned out a bit more like Lieutenant Wilbur. "He had trouble holding down a job," his sister Jill recalls.

Jonathan Stern refused several times to comment for this story, even to explain the origins of the *Star* newspapers, but Jill Capron says that at some point during the 1970s, David "Tom" Stern, who died last year, "gave" Stern some "shoppers" to run, and those may have been the *Star* newspapers.

"Jonathan is a good father," Jill says, adding that her younger brother did not allow his work to consume his life.

In an unlikely chain of events, Stern also came to publish an alternative weekly, the *Distant Drummer*, edited by a group of hippies who considered themselves every bit the mavericks J. David Stern had been. But the younger Stern had little use for radicalism or

the "underground," remembers Don DeMaio, the *Drummer's* onetime editor.

"We were an underground newspaper, but Stern hated that," he says. "He wanted us to pull in more readers. He also, from time to time, would push us to show more flesh."

That did not, however, include the flesh of homosexuals.

For one issue, "We had dug up a photo of these two gay guys wearing thongs. We had it down on the page. He came to me, and he tore the whole page up in front of me and threw the pieces in my soup," DeMaio recalls.

"In those days, he wasn't really enlightened in terms of the gay movement." But, "for the most part, we got along fine, and we kind of understood each other." Today, DeMaio writes the official biographies of Rhode Island-area corporations. He has three children.

The younger Stern may have shared his father's disregard for modern communications technology. "Nor has the marvelous acceleration of communications bolstered man's self-esteem," the elder wrote. "In ancient times, located at the hub of the universe, he heard little of what went on outside his immediate neighborhood, and cared less. Now he is in instant touch with all the world. But the emphasis is on bad news, on his failures rather than achievements, on his weakness rather than his strength. Reading his newspaper he shudders at his iniquities, his stupidities, and his helplessness."

Until late 2003, Jonathan Stern's staff laid out every issue of every *Star* and *Home News* with scissors and paste before sending it off to the printer. The "News Star Inc." banner hanging at the paper's office was produced on a dot-matrix printer. Once, the younger Stern tried to interest *City Paper* editor Bruce Schimmel in his typesetting services. "I told him, 'that's why God created Microsoft,'" Schimmel remembers.

Antiquated equipment and other imperfections did not bother Barbara Small, who had worked as an editorial assistant for Stern but was laid off after the sale. "It was like having a friend every Wednesday, just to have it and go through it, and see a picture of somebody you knew," she said. "Even if it wasn't always all that great, it was ours. It was from the neighborhood."

It is unclear what Jonathan Stern will do now. After selling his own papers his father, J. David Stern, wrote *Memoirs* in what appears to have been a last attempt to warn the nation of the ills that would result from the American complacency he had spent his newspaper career fighting.

"The creeping blight of monopoly has engulfed the American press," he wrote in 1962. "Less than 10 percent of our dailies are

turn to STAR, page 16



Big New Art Box

OLD BRICK WAREHOUSE WILL BECOME STUDIOS

BY WILLIAM PYM

S. KENSINGTON, Phila.—The old Crane building rises four stories above the 1400 block of N. American Street, its high brick walls casting a shadow over the silent train tracks and the junkyard across the street. Jutting from the Crane's northern face like the handle of a trowel is 5,000 square feet of what used to be a giant walk-in freezer. Inside, the freezer is vertiginously big, white, clean and empty. Together, the two structures take up an entire city block, about ten minutes to the north of Old City.

It was only a matter of time before something leapt into this vacuum. Come July, the hallowed, high-ceilinged hallways of the Philadelphia Museum of Art, the vest pocket

warehouse, all framed behind walls of brick and cement ornament. Two years ago, the three men made an offer to the owner, who acquiesced six months ago. The partners declined to disclose the price of the sale, but the city's Board of Revision of Taxes website has listed it as \$530,000.

"It's like the pyramids," said Hricko, marveling at a concrete pillar impressed with the grains and knots of century-old wooden planks. "You have to wonder how they did it."

Since April, two shows have happened at the Ice Box, a juried roundup from the Tyler MFA program and a photography selection on a scale that would have been inconceivable elsewhere. On July 9, a giant croquet pitch known

as *Valsalva Maneuver*

will open there. Organized by Wendy DesChene, Adam Parker Smith and Eva Wylie, recent Tyler graduates, *Maneuver* will have ten teams of artists presenting wickets, posts, topography and hazards that visitors will be encouraged to play.

Gleeson, Hricko, and Kripal are well aware that theirs is a

museum-quality space. At the moment, though, they're not sure whether or not they want it to become a permanent gallery. What is known is that by the end of the summer, the entire second floor will be divided into small studios and rented out at fifty cents per square foot per month, and construction will have begun on the third floor studios. Common areas, two small ones for each floor and a larger one by the entrance, will be outfitted. By the end of the summer, artists will have started to move in. They will not be the first developers to buy up an empty Kensington warehouse and rent it out to artists, but they may be the first owners of such a space who will see their tenants daily, work alongside them on their own creations, and see their building as more than an engine that generates rent. Besides, from end to end, it might be the most dazzling and enriching interior industrial space you have ever encountered.

A few weeks after our first meeting, Gleeson told me on the telephone that Benjamin Franklin had set aside a portion of his earnings in Philadelphia to help artists buy property for their practice. Amazingly, Franklin's trust paid its final artist in Northern Liberties fifteen years ago. Franklin, true to his nature, generated productivity and production that extended long after his death. But Northern Liberties' high property values may act as a tax on its productivity and give way to a period of consumption where goods and services are displayed and sold, not made. Artists are being shunted further north, and immediately north of Northern Liberties is the Crane Center. "Neighborhoods go through their cycles of production," Gleeson told me, "just look at those old maps. Kensington has a legacy of production, and we might be able to revitalize the whole American Street corridor." Artists are going to thrive up there, and with the northern shunt, one of the city's long-idle blocks may thrive again too.

William Pym is a painter and curator living in North Philadelphia.



At 100 by 50 by 25 feet, the Ice Box Project Space will be one of the city's largest uninterrupted spaces for installation art.

Ben Katchor's Hotel & Farm





THE MACHINE SURVIVED THE MECHANIC

Toilets About Town

WRITING ON THE BATHROOM WALLS

BY DAVID HARPER



The walls of Dirty Frank's bathroom, the Pine Street side.

The word 'latrinalia' means substantive bathroom graffiti, and was first coined by Alan Dundes, a professor of anthropology and folklore at Berkeley, in his 1966 paper "Here I Sit — A Study of American Latrinalia." In the paper, Dundes notes that latrinalia is commonly studied because "one of the few places where dirt can be displayed and discussed in American culture is the bathroom, private and public."

In my own study of Philadelphia latrinalia, I have found that women's rooms have less graffiti than in most men's rooms, and I believe this has something to tell us about the differences between men and women. Why? Well, when a woman picks up a Sharpie or a metallic silver marker and puts her stuff down on a stall door, she's not just waiting around for the other dudes to leave so her performance-anxiety-ridden self can piss in peace. She's picking up that astronaut pen because she's got something to say. She wants to expose the fallacies of romantic myths with a line like, "Star light, star bright, where the hell is Mr. Right?" She

wants to tell you something funny, or she might want to give you some good advice. Maybe she wants to memorialize a witty quip, like "I think, therefore I'm single." Or perhaps she just wants to dispense a little down home wisdom, something along the lines of:

Q: who has more power: men or women?

A: women: they control half the money and all the nookie.

When it comes to women's latrinalia, the mother lode as got to be the upstairs "Girls" room at Tattooed Mom's (530 South Street). The management keeps the downstairs restrooms painted and scrubbed, but the upstairs comes as is, with the crowd free to express themselves in ink. The outside door is layered thick with scrawlings, "Lewis" written four times in drippy black letters. The bathroom seems like a labyrinth of cave paintings, words flowing across the space from tile to plaster to stall:

"Red heads are blondes gone crazy"

"natural childbirth is conceivable"

"survival of the richest"

"Raymond will fuck your loose pussy like a

pornstar! Bitches, but you can't have him he's mine."

"My mom has 3 teeth"

"Girls, grow a spine and let it go!!!"

"Even though you circumcised me, I still love you Sarah" — Miss Lady K.

Then there are the dialogues:

"When it rains God is crying..." — Bonita 1/24/03.

"Where is god when you need him?!!!"

"God cries b/c he is sad that not enough people drink 37 shots of Jim Beam, Jack Daniels, & Jose Cuervo shots, so drink and he'll stop sobbing" — Angela.

"Um... that is a good answer, but really it is because of something you DID!!" — Bonita.

A master's thesis prepared by Shelly Brown at the University of Memphis, in which women's room graffiti was documented in thirty-two Memphis bars and clubs, notes that women have distinct reasons for taking pen to wall. They are less inclined to boast and be profane for profanity's sake as they are to attempt to start a conversation or to seek advice, using the bathroom door as bulletin board. They may express "beware of men" messages or announce a new love. For some women, a respect for privacy may keep them from scrawling—a women's room in a bar is, after all, a private public space and someone else's personal moments, in the form of graffiti, invades your own desire to fix your bangs and examine your teeth. Besides, internet message boards may soon replace bathroom walls as the preferred mode of communicating with strangers and acquaintances, if they haven't already.

You could say that the Romans started it all. The origins of bathroom graffiti can be traced back two millennia to the Roman bathhouses of Pompeii, where someone (most likely a dude) scrawled "wine, women and the baths destroy our bodies and our minds—but make life worth living" on the walls, but left these thoughts unsigned. In 1731, a London publishing house released *The Merry Thought, or the Glass-Window and Bog House Miscellany*, a compilation of early scrawlings on glass windows and pub privies. The word 'graffiti' itself dates back to 1851, when the Italian word "graffito," or scribbling, was used in reference to ancient wall inscriptions found in the ruins of Pompeii.

In 1877, people began using it to refer to drawings. Swedish researcher Staffan Jacobson, Ph.D., has traced the earliest scrawlings to 1,500 B.C., the approximate date that someone in Sakkar, Egypt, left a hieroglyphic scribble amounting to, "I am very impressed by Pharaoh Djoser's pyramid," as if the very walls of the necropolis were some kind of open guest book.

When you ask women (bar customers and bartenders) to name the watering holes that have the best ladies' room graffiti, Dirty Frank's (13th and Pine Streets) inevitably comes up. Trouble is, Frank's two bathrooms are unisex, so you can't tell the male and female texts apart. But it isn't that simple—according to the women who tend bar, of the two restrooms, the unofficial women's room is the one on the south side of the bar (closest to Pine Street), "because it locks and has toilet paper." One unforgettable statement, long since covered over, was recounted by one of the Frank's bartenders, word for word: "Full pelvic undulations help dissolve neurotic character armor."

Many drinking establishments regularly paint over their bathroom graffiti, so much of it may be out there with only a short life. Some owners hate it—the upstairs women's room at Filo's (408 S. 2nd St.) has a fresh coat of red paint, and one of their bouncers would rather usher someone out the door than let them make art in the bathrooms without the owners' permission. Somehow, though, "Big Al" managed to scratch his name on the mirror in the ladies' room.

L'Hexagone (1718 Sansom St.) regularly paints over lavatory expressions to maintain its spotless and lounge-like Eurovibe. The downstairs unisex bathroom is dimly lit by a yellow light bulb that picks up the red of the walls, whose dullness is matched only by the turquoise shade in the upstairs WC. Though both rooms have been freshly painted, one "LO DA" has already insured that the process will have to be repeated. Under the latest coat of paint you can still see evidence that once a dervish-like patron spinning round and round, marker in hand.

The rest of the latrinalia canon includes such memorable academic papers as: "When Walls Speak, What do they Say?"; "Oh Wise Women of the Stalls"; "Roman Hands Gave us the Verbal Finger: Graffiti and Literary Form";

Bar	Music Playing at Time of Research	Representative Specimens	Superb Specimens
DIRTY FRANK'S south bathroom (women's by custom)	Marvin Gaye, "What's Going On"	• "Freedom '02 Follow Life — Masja • "We'll Miss You Tital" • "Jason I don't care what you say. I still miss you bad super bad." • "K200 represent."	• "To be a poet and not yet know the trade. To be a lover and yet repel all women. Twin ironies by which a saint is made."
DIRTY FRANK'S north bathroom (men's by custom)	See Above	• "Smile Damn Somebody Loves You...Phil-E-Phunk" • "Nonstop G."	• A nude man and woman scrawled on the door.
SUGAR MOM'S women's room	Rolling Stones, "Some Girls"	• "I love almost everybody" • "Punchy is mine" • "Mummies rule the world when they die—Angelita" • "Al is a Dork" • "Make someone love you" • "T-K = DIN-O-MITE all night!!" • "Fuck your milk shake Toni's got the ice cream machine and Kim's got the kisses that just don't quit" • "Why am I in love with my best friend who happens to be emo- tionally unavailable?"	• "I'm going home w/ your man tonight..."
SILK CITY LOUNGE women's room	Jimi Hendrix, "Freedom"	• "C'mon STOP it" • "NO WAR OF ANY KIND" written in black marker on the white tiles • "BUSH = DEATH"	• "Digs Darklighter" — He was there.
MINISTRY OF INFORMATION (unisex)	None	• "Tracy Rosie Baby Momma". • A few legible scrawls like "Ultrahuman" and "Dr. Raw Dog." A heart with "No War" in the middle beside a heart with "No Warts" inside.	• "Bagel Anarchy Now"

"Selected Scrawls From Bathroom Walls," at least two titled "Scrawl of the Wild"; and even "Washroom Wit," from a 1966 issue of Newsweek. Norman Mailer extolled graffiti as folk art in his 1973 essay, "The Faith of Graffiti," while German graffitiologist Hugo Luedcke has identified two types of latrinalia writers—intellectuals who write in poetry, and commoners who express themselves in prose.

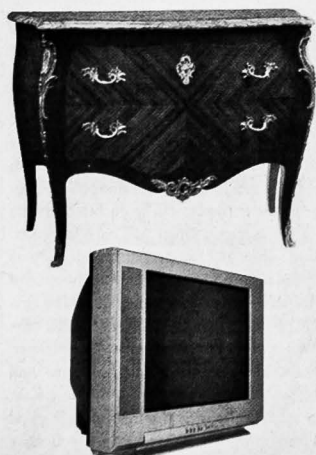
In 1998, two women from Sao Paulo,

Brazil published a paper in *Psychology Reports* that studied 1,349 graffiti samples from fifty-six stalls. They found that while both sexes expressed themselves with almost equal amounts of text, men were more likely to write aggressive sexual insults and women tended to write sexual compliments.

According to latrinalia expert Jane Gadsby,

turn to TOILETS, page 7

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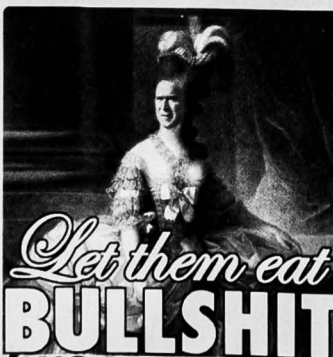
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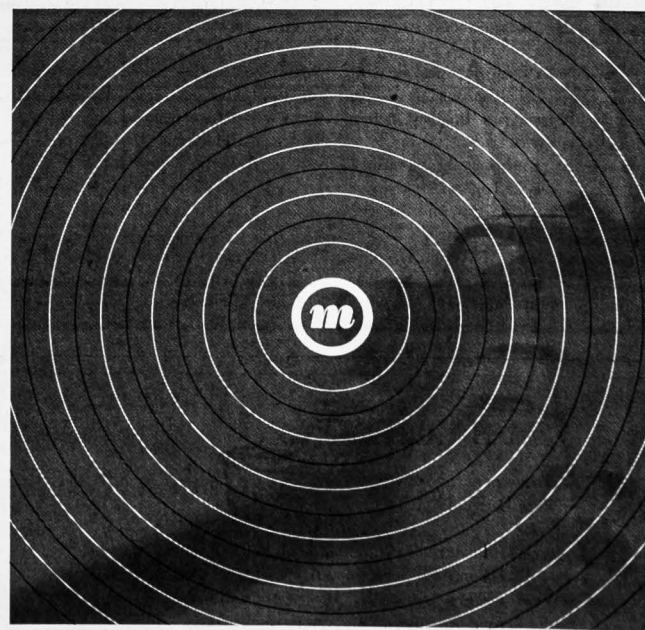
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TRYING TO HACK IT IN THE TAXI BUSINESS

BY PHILIP YAEGER

Near the city's southwest corner, at the end of a potholed access road, there's a lot full of old cabs sitting behind a razor-wire fence. In the middle of the lot sits a squat, brown three-room house with half-shuttered windows. It was in front of this house that I found myself standing a little over a year ago early on a bright Sunday morning, after having walked a mile or more from the end of the trolley line. I had answered a classified ad for cab drivers, dreaming of flexible hours, cash at the end of the day and a rich, authentic Life Experience. Now I wasn't so sure: *this* was the headquarters of County Cab? My fanciful notions fading by the second, I squared my shoulders, mounted the steps and opened the door.

The Dispatcher sat at the end of a long and extremely narrow room hung with cigarette smoke. He sported a high and greasy pompadour in yellowish-gray, his eyes were the veiny red of a veteran alcoholic, and his jowls and gut testified to hard living and a long, long time behind a single desk. In front of him sat two telephones, a CB hookup, and a log book filled with names, times and destinations. He asked a few questions about my knowledge of the area (Darby, Lansdowne, Drexel Hill and the like) and here I confess that I dissembled a little: I had only just moved to Philadelphia, and my knowledge of the city—to say nothing of the suburbs—was sketchy at best. But he seemed reassured to learn that I had once been

a courier in New York City (which I had, for about two months) and that I could quickly pick up whatever I needed to know. He pointed me to a seat and radioed a driver. "You've got a guy to train," he said. Five minutes later, I climbed into a decrepit white sedan and my career as a taxi driver began.

Between gazing out the window and trying to absorb a running commentary on traffic patterns and cross streets, I stole glances at my chauffeur and teacher. "I'm Debby. Your name was what?" she asked me. Debby looked to be somewhere in the worse part of her forties, and the lines of her walnut-colored skin spoke of the dehydrating effects of prolonged exposure to sun, cigarettes, and beer.

Our first fare was waiting at a nearby apartment complex. The girl wanted us to retrieve her boyfriend, a couple of miles away, and return them to the same complex. Here I encountered lesson one.

"Usually we won't do this," Debby said. "Half the time they're drug runs; we had a driver put in jail for taking a return trip. He thought if something went wrong he'd be okay, but they ran him in and impounded the car." The girl in the back asked if it was common and Debby answered: "Oh sure, you'd be surprised how many people use cabs for drug runs. Joe [another dispatcher] will just tell you to throw them out of the cab."

Debby grew more talkative as the morning

wore on. She had been driving for eight years, and when I asked if she found it a dangerous job her answer was, "Well, not so far." More interesting, though, were the inner workings of the company itself. The Dispatcher who'd hired me, she said, was indeed a drunk—and usually had his first sixpack delivered to him by about 10:30 a.m. I was confused about how this worked, but she explained the situation, and why we were doing supermarket and laundry runs and taking people to church. "He's got certain drivers who are his 'friends,'" she said, "and he gives 'em the best fares—airport runs, stuff like that." She mentioned that he had just been hospitalized after suffering his third heart attack, and that one of the drivers (whose name we had been hearing over the radio with surprising frequency) had gone to see him, smuggling in his ration of Budweiser and cigarettes. "It's either bring him some beer, or go pick up his wife and take her shopping—oh, and give her fifty bucks, he'll pay you back later—or some of 'em just grease his palm. I don't do that stuff, though. He can go to hell."

Naturally, I was concerned about the pay. So far all of our fares had been short rides, few totaling over \$8 or \$10; I didn't see how a driver could break even, much less pay the bills. Debby told me you could do all right, provided you were quick (which I wouldn't be, at first, anyway). My second and third lessons were: Bring sixty dollars to the office by noon every day, and keep your receipts. I wondered aloud how that would work with the dispatcher's racket, but she quelled that fear—sort of. "The weekday dispatcher's fair; he don't play favorites. He's a bastard, but he'll make sure you get your nut by twelve o'clock." Great. What if I had to take a day off? "Oh, that's fine—you just let 'em know, but when you come back you have to make it up, work a weekend or something." Even though the day I was gone they'd hire the cab out to someone else. Even better. This was beginning to sound

more and more like sharecropping.

When there were no fares, we drove to the 69th Street Terminal to line up with the other cabs until someone hailed us or dispatch called. Among the tips Debby dispensed here was one about the Public Utilities Commission (the city agency that oversees the cab trade), which habitually visits the terminal for surprise inspections. "If you see them coming, run. Call the dispatcher and let him know, then drive over to the supermarket and sit. Don't let 'em catch you," the reason being time lost and tickets written for petty things like turn signals and brake lights. "If you do get caught, they won't fire you—but you'll never hear the end of it."

We finally did go to the airport after two or three calls to the dispatcher, whose response at first was, "There's nothing in the rule book says you have to go to the airport every day." To which Debby replied, "Nothing in the rule book says I have to bring you cigarettes, either." Later, though, she stopped at a convenience store for two packs of Marlboros.

Finally it seemed I had learned all I could; for the rest I'd have to get a map and spend my evening cramming to learn the territory. She took me back to the office, where three or four men who more or less resembled the dispatcher were loitering. I said, "So five o'clock tomorrow morning, then?" One of them answered, "Yeah," and on my way out the door hollered, "But call first! They have a habit of hiring too many drivers; you might come in tomorrow and find yourself without a cab."

No one took my name or asked to see my license. And it's likely that no one noticed when I didn't call the next morning, or the morning after that.

Debby dropped me off at the trolley, and I thanked her. "Guess I'll be seeing you around," I said. She grunted noncommittally, her eyes already back on the road.

Philip Yeager lives in West Philadelphia. He can be reached via email at philly@jumparts.org.



from BUKOWSKI page 4

quick of movement, a seemingly nice fellow at first glance. He's quick with the word, seems to know things but does not ... He's also a man's man, black hair jutting from his chest, his shirt open two or three buttons down. He's really a sickening prick but you don't want to admit it to anybody because he's what a man is supposed to be, and if you don't like that, you know, then there's something wrong with you.

Barfly (1987)

In the film, the older bartender, Jim, is based on another regular bartender, of the same name, in the same Fairmount Avenue bar. Grandma Moses, the older woman with a knack for fellatio, is Bukowski's homage to Helen, whom he encountered in the bar on his first day in Philly:

Every seat was taken. There were women in there, a few housewives, fat and a bit stupid, and two or three ladies who had fallen on hard times. As I sat there one girl got up and left with a man. She was back in five minutes. "Helen! Helen! How do you do it?" She laughed. Another jumped up to try her. "That must be good. I gotta have some!" They left together. Helen was back in five minutes. "She must have a suction pump for a pussy!" "I gotta try me some of that," said an old guy down at the end of the bar. "I haven't had a hard-on since Teddy Roosevelt took his last hill." It took Helen ten minutes with that one.

Factotum (1975)

Evidence shows that, contrary to competing written records, Bukowski actually lived here from some time in 1944 until possibly as late as spring 1947. Aside from his brief stint as a shipping clerk at Fairmount Motor Products, he spent most of his time at the bar down the street drinking, getting into fights, and running errands for other patrons in exchange for beer money, just like *Barfly's* young Henry. Even then, the young Bukowski had writerly ambitions. In the film version of his life, a rich publisher, Tully, sends a private detective to locate Henry after receiving a submission to her magazine. Tully was drawn from real-life socialite and patron of the arts, Caresse Crosby, who published Bukowski's story "20 Tanks from Kassel down" in the third issue of her magazine, *Portfolio*, in the spring of 1946 while he was still living in Philadelphia. Being published amid the likes of Jean Genet, Garcia Lorca, Henry Miller and Jean Paul-Sartre was Bukowski's first notable success as a writer.

Just as significant as his publishing break is the fact that Bukowski had his first sexual experience in Philadelphia. Sex, and the relationships between men and women, were central to Bukowski's writing; his introduction to both came from a now anonymous Philadelphia prostitute. Bukowski described the experience several years later in his column,

"Notes of a dirty old man," for the underground L.A. newspaper *Open City*.

she was god awful fat all around and not very clean either. where the hell she had come from and what she wanted and how she survived up to now was a question you could ask about any human being, and so we drank, drank and laughed and I sat next to her, pressed next to her, sniffing and laughing and goading ... at closing time we left together—me 6 feet tall and 165 pounds and she 5 feet and 300 pounds. the lonely and ridiculous world was walking down the sidewalk together ... we made it to the outside of my rooming house ... we got upstairs, somehow, although one time she lurched and I thought she was going to take out the whole west wall. we stripped and I got on top. "jesus christ!" I said, "show me some MOVE-MENT!" "don't just LAY there like a giant pot of putty! lift those vast and giant redwood legs ... mother I can't FIND you!" she started giggling, "oh, hehehehehe, oh, hehehehehehehe." "oh what the fuck!" I snarled. "MOVE IT! SHAKE IT!" then she really started to bounce and whirl. I hung on and tried to find the rhythm: she rotated pretty good, but it was rotate and then up and down and then back to rotate. I got the rhythm of the rotate, but on the up and down I got thrown out of the saddle several times ... both being very drunk, we worked on and on, myself being thrown off again and again, but leaping back to battle ... in the morning when we awakened, I found that the bed was flat on the floor. We had broken all four legs down to the floor in our crazy freakfuck. *Notes of a dirty old man* (1969)

If you walk up 17th Street, you can still see the house where Bukowski lived, drank, contemplated suicide and finally lost his virginity. Bukowski's building is boarded up and looks more than a little worse for wear. When I spoke to the Guzmans about Bukowski, they were unaware of their bar's well known former patron but seemed eager to learn more of their establishment's literary history. It seems to me that there should be some sort of plaque or historical marker informing today's drinkers that an earlier incarnation of 17th Spot inspired *Barfly's* Golden Horn and lives on in Bukowski's poems. I would also be in favor of petitioning the Commonwealth to ask that a blue historical marker be placed in front of Bukowski's former residence at 603 N. 17th Street. Here is my suggestion for how it might read:

CHARLES BUKOWSKI

Between 1944 and 1947

the writer Charles Bukowski

Lived in this house

Drank a lot of beer

And, late one night, broke the bed

With the help of a 300-pound prostitute. *Kerry Gibbs bartends at Fergie's Pub. He can be reached via email codypomeray@hotmail.com.*

ODA BARCELONA

"I experienced for the first time in life all the joy of living."

—Valery Larbaud

I experienced for the first time in life all the sadness of living on the Barcelona Metro, between Besòs Mar and Barceloneta. I was twenty-three, dressed in trousers and socks, eating the final *bocadillo*, on my way to the cinema.

Two o'clock one winter Saturday and the rain commenced, all at once, like the sea falling on the dispossessed sea.

My lover had smoked six cigarettes:

I told her to leave the entire continent.

Later, I met Pablo on the Plaça Reial for beer and baklava.

O Barcelona—your hot olive oil, your smashed bread,

your smell of everything—you, outlaw of Spain: Barcelona.

I want to sit drunk in your cafés, and, between two *cañas*,

tell someone a whole hunk of my life.

Your inebriated colors, your cinematic feel for oranges,

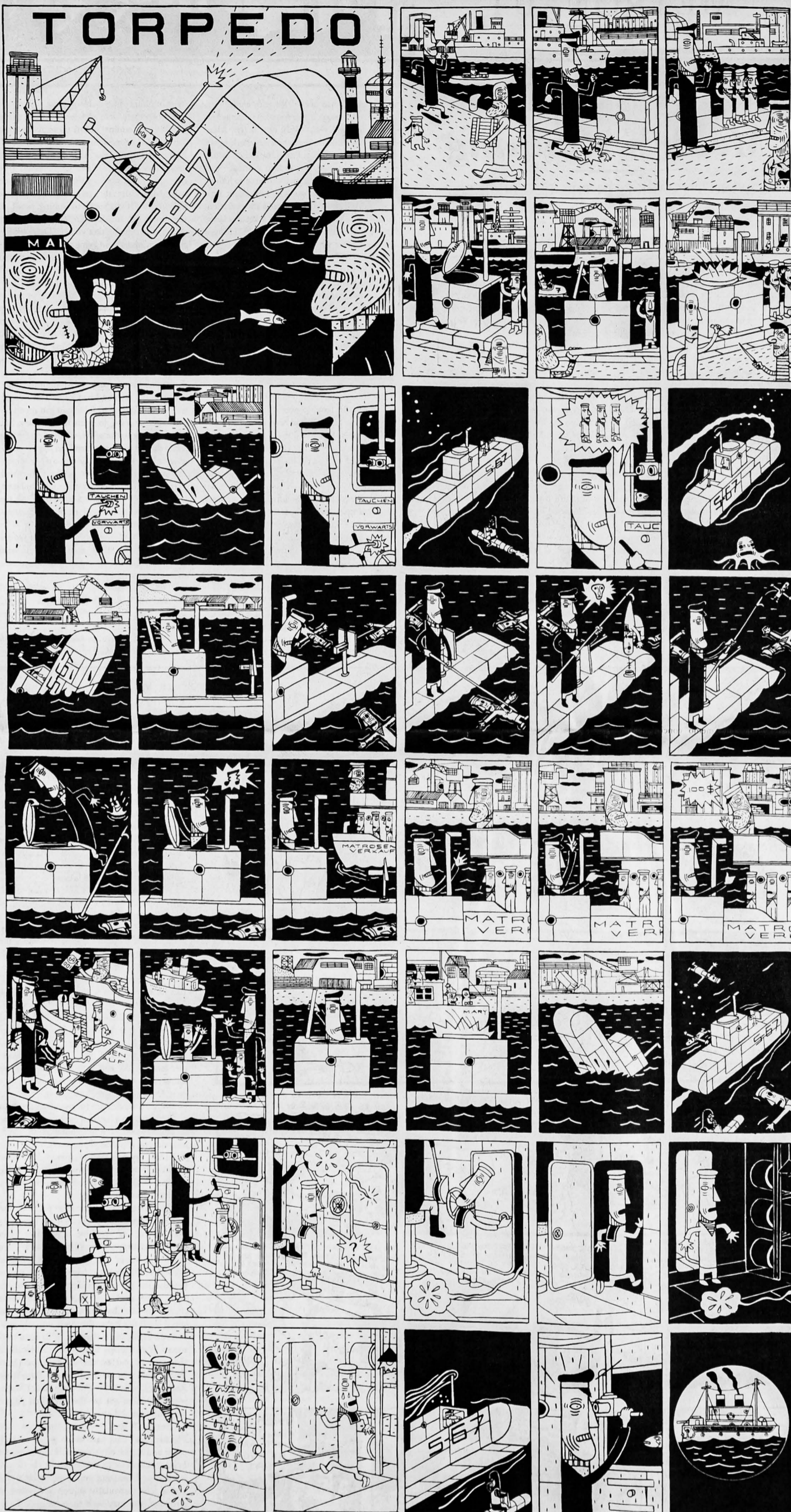
your labor that is not labor, but living—you, scavenger of glass: Barcelona.

I want to live, exhausted, on your plazas,

yearning, hungry, and alone, with my ineffable life.

—SETH POLLINS





JUDGING THOSE IN UNIFORM

We Need Not Have Committed Violence Ourselves To Question It

from SOLDIERS page 1
Instead, I intend to examine our forgiveness, its extent and its degree, and how it may signify the condition of our society.

The political traction the liberals have been gaining in their argument against perpetual war is due in large part to a new tack for the Left: to praise the military before every insult against the politicians. No contemporary peacenik has uttered a complete thought until he has made it first and foremostly clear that he is supporting the troops by pleading for their return home. In a flailing world where everybody seems to be doing something wrong according to somebody else, the only innocent remaining is the brave American soldier—that one can do no wrong in anyone's eyes. This dismal result only proves how far we have retreated from common sense, and how thoroughly militarized our society has allowed itself to become. The great cry which has been raised, seeking to exonerate the torturers at Abu Ghraib—they were just following orders, or war does things to people, or even, repellently enough, an eye for an eye—is ultimately the shameful reflex of a society that cannot bring itself to criticize the military it supports, the institutionalized murder, the regimental brainwash, that is soldiery.

It is the American soldier who is most immediately at hand to the continued destruction and endless violence at every flashpoint of George Bush's imperial aspiration. Without the willingness of the American soldier, there is no argument for or against the fight; there is simply no fight. If the American soldier retained any of that humanity and decency that we so often attribute to him, then he would not be capable of what he is capable of—torture, certainly, but even further, the shooting of civilians, the bombing of buildings.

It has become common courtesy amongst both hawks and doves to forgive the soldiers their sins on the grounds that they are just following orders. Blameless are they who are not expected to think for themselves. Whether we are poised to denounce belligerence or pacifism, we have all agreed that the military is a kind of family, a holy brotherhood, a great mill for secular martyrdom. What goes on within the military, for some reason, is sacred and above reproach. Yet this is hardly a standard by which to measure human beings. Even laboratory animals are expected to demonstrate independent thinking above rote mimicry and unquestioning obedience.

This automatic militarism has become the very basis of the Democratic challenge to the presidency; Senator Kerry is tiresomely lauded for all the courage and viciousness he demonstrated in Vietnam, and not until this is established is he allowed to make a stand against the present violence. We often hear about how Senator Kerry has earned the right to speak out against war. Are only those who have committed violence qualified to condemn it? Such a pact falls well short of the Jeffersonian Enlightenment; indeed, it is hardly even medieval.

It ought to be immediately absurd to speak of any citizen having to earn the right to do anything. Our rights are earned by

birth, and if one of those is to exercise a humane disgust for violence, then let that right be well exercised in the face of the Attilas in suits among us, and not merely by those who have shed blood and found it not to their liking. Or else we should be at least consistent, and employ all our serial killers to write our church sermons, and make known to the innocent the error of their ways.

We ought to hold our soldiers to a higher standard—and not merely a higher standard than that we have for zoo animals, but a higher standard than we have even for ourselves. We ought to demand that they retain their conscience through basic training, and if they are asked to do something as blatantly debased as fire a missile through the minaret of a mosque, then we ought to be absolutely unforgiving unless they do nothing short of refuse. There are an awful lot of "hero's welcomes" making the news these days, but if our happiness at the soldier's safe return seems uncomfortably mixed with some confusion as to what exactly we are celebrating, consider that the returning soldier has done nothing to question the inhumanity of his orders, and he has taken the mutual defense of his comrades to an unacceptable extreme at the cost of others' lives. He killed, rather than be killed.

The American soldier of the modern era is a volunteer to his circumstances, though more likely than not, on the grounds of receiving an affordable college education and not on the prospect of receiving a lifetime of trauma and an eternity of fatal karma at the hands of an unwilling enemy. Because he is a volunteer, we know that he remains, in concept at least, of a free will. If George W. Bush jumped off a bridge, should our soldiers do it, too? Were our fighting forces Roman conscripts, mere Myrmidons to the cult of war, we ought to be proud of their guile and their mindlessness. But if we truly want to be proud of our services, as the paragons of the modern citizen, dedicated to the integrity of the nation, then we must demand that they act to a higher standard than our politicians. We should celebrate nothing less than mass objection, the slow reverberation of 100,000 brave voices who have decided that they are no longer certain about the validity of their mission. It is a monumental risk, in the close-knit society of soldiers, to speak out and question the wisdom of the authorities; but it is a shame to one's own human dignity to commit acts against one's own conscience. In the political climate of the moment, where the Left is ready to compromise anything to unseat the Right-wing radicals in office, to barely suggest that the military is complicit in anything but sunshine and rainbows is sheer blasphemy. But it is the gradual acceptance of militarism and regimented thought that has got us this far in a muddle to begin with, and we would do well to remember our human principles even as we jockey for momentary political advantage. Our Christian president loves violence and honors those who commit it; the rest of us, if we are self-respecting Homo sapiens at all, must loathe violence and have hard standards of forgiveness for those whose minds are too clouded or indoctrinated to realize that they are its agents.

The Dogs of War

There is a tale in the Islamic apocrypha about the prophet Mohammed, a dog, and a cat, making a journey in the country between two towns. During the course of his journey, it came time to kneel and pray, as it does five times every day. Mohammed did this, but did not see until it was too late that there was a snake in the place he had chosen to kneel. The snake hissed, and the dog ran away in fright. The cat bared its claws and pounced, killing the serpent, and protecting the prophet.

Thus one will find, throughout the Muslim world, that mosques are generously inhabited by tribes of lounging cats—that one cat's act of courage by Mohammed's side has earned his entire species the highest accord in the culture of Islam. But the dog, so beloved to the Western heart, is known in Islam as a cowardly and craven animal—none is allowed within a mosque, and few are kept as pets at all. To call a man a dog in the heat of the Middle East is not merely a piratical affectation; it is a summoning of all the lowly attributes thought to be possessed by that animal who abandoned Mohammed in his dire moment.

Quite a few of the notorious torture photographs, of course, show American soldiers either treating Iraqis like dogs on leashes, or taunting the Iraqis with military canines. It must be realized that these images—horrendous already to anyone with a whit of humanity—carry an entirely different connotation to an American eye than to an Arab one.

It may be nit-picking to argue about 'degrees' of torture, but I am nothing if I am not a nit-picker, and it is valid, indeed, to point out that we have not merely become a nation of torturers, but one of true cultural malice. Those soldiers, officers, and professional mercenaries who have been employed in the realization of George W. Bush's dream of empire have combined their cultural ignorance (for how many of our military men have even bothered to skim through the Cliff's Notes Qur'an?) and their unmatched guile to lower the United States to the depths of history's worst tyrannies. Some flickering bright bulb in our armed forces saw how the Iraqis feared and loathed those slobbering snarling dogs, and employed just that effect in the Army's systematic torture.

And this little cultural lesson is important to the American rube, so that he may understand just what effect these incidents will have on their Arab counterparts. The great lands of Arabia are not inflamed merely because we have shown ourselves to be immoral on top of our arrogance, but because we have debased the Iraqis as Muslims, as well as human beings. If there is any stubborn boob left in the Union who still doesn't think this is a religious war, let them now be reformed. When our next captured prisoner is crucified instead of beheaded, we may get some sense of how the Arabs have received those snapshots of dogs and men. — JONATHAN E. UNDERHILL

CONTINUED ON PAGE 10

Medical Tests & Human Subjects

GRAVEROBBER SUPPLY CITY MEDICAL SCHOOL

Prisoners and Mentally Ill Exposed to Dangerous Chemical Agents

& THE GELSINGER CASE

from HISTORY page 1

that over the course of a year, 349 bodies had been buried in the space allotted for 140.

When the news broke angry black citizens held demonstrations and fired shots in the air, stopping just short of a riot. Dr. William Smith Forbes, head of Jefferson's anatomy department, was indicted for his involvement as the buyer of the "soul-fled jay," as were four men (two white, two black) who dug up the graves and transported the bodies. Forbes had a few difficult weeks, but the medical profession issued a barrage of publicity and closed ranks behind him. The blame was laid on the "riffians," who were given sentences of up to two years, while Forbes the distinguished and dedicated physician, was acquitted. He then wrote and successfully lobbied into law the Forbes Anatomy Act, which gave medical schools a more reliable and legal supply of cadavers. Forbes is immortalized in a life-sized portrait by Thomas Ekins, which hangs today in the campus gallery. The great doctor has long since been cleansed of his unfortunate foray into the body trade in histories written mostly by his fellow physicians. For example, in 1963 Dr. Edward Louis Bauer suggested the thieves were performing a service, writing that at Lebanon Cemetery, "the dead were simply thrown into trenches, and if the resurrectionists had not helped themselves, the trenches would have overflowed." He also mislocates the cemetery by five blocks. The more blatant racism of Forbes' students is preserved in a poem at the Jefferson University Archives. We turn next to another, much more recent example of a leading physician exploiting the flesh of mostly black citizens.

From 1951 until 1974, Delaware Valley public institutions were as take-what-you-need supply houses of human guinea pigs, with University of Pennsylvania dermatologist Albert M. Kligman serving as middleman between the wardens and the scientists. The facilities included Holmesburg Prison, the state mental asylum at Pennhurst, the Vineland State School, an Woodbine State Colony. Prisoners were febrile and hallucinogenic drugs like SD, injected with radioactive thymidine and exposed to the dioxin Agent Orange, and the effects were monitored and published in medical journals.

As a young physician, Dr. A. Bernard Ackerman spent one year helping Kligman with skin experiments at Holmesburg. Later in his career, Ackerman published an extended description of his actions and an "acknowledgement of error and regret." He told of thousands of experiments that conducted by Kligman under the aegis of the University of Pennsylvania. Many were clearly injurious to the subjects, either physically or psychologically. In his 1998 book *Acts of Skin*, Allen Hornblum describes both the prisoner experiments and other studies that were conducted by Kligman at institutions for "idiots and feeble-minded children," as Kligman's supervisor once described the subjects during the 1950s. While City Council held hearings for the victims in 2002, Penn has still not publicly apologized to or compensated the victims of Kligman's experiments.

In 1999, 18-year-old Jesse Gelsinger, who had a rare genetic disorder, died while under the care of Dr. James M. Wilson of the University of Pennsylvania's genetics research team. The trial involved putting the gene Gelsinger lacked into a common cold virus and pumping that into his hepatic artery. Gelsinger had volunteered knowing very well that he would not be cured by the process, but hoping to help babies born with his same disease. Wilson's team made pitches to the Gelsinger family about how the treatment showed great promise and as improving some subjects' conditions, but they did not discuss how it had harmed earlier animal human test subjects. In addition to conducting the research, Wilson was a major shareholder in Genovo Inc., which held the patent for the process, should it prove marketable. Gelsinger was entered into the experiment even though his liver was functioning well below the minimum level that Wilson himself had determined was safe for the trial. Gelsinger's organs began to fail some twenty hours after being infused with the gene. He died three days later, on September 17, 1999. The family filed a civil lawsuit which was settled for an undisclosed amount.

from TESTING page 1

for Lilly at a second site in California. He was aware that if news of the Johnson suicide caused his subjects to walk out, the trial would have to be conducted all over again, potentially delaying Cymbalta's approval.

The questions surrounding the drug companies' credibility being asked in Bensalem and Kensington are also being asked around the world. As I write, committees in both houses of the U.S. Congress are investigating alleged conflicts of interest between the drug industry, the National Institutes of Health (NIH) and the FDA. Late last month, University of Cincinnati law professor and historian of the FDA James O'Reilly told the *Denver Post*, "The FDA is now in the business of helping lawsuit defendants, specifically the pharmaceutical companies." In a May hearing, U.S. Rep. James Greenwood (R-Pa.) said scientists with NIH, the government agency responsible for regulating drug tests, "are either very close to the line or have crossed the line," in their outside dealings with biotechnology and pharmaceutical companies. "If we are serious about upholding the highest ethical standards at the NIH, then NIH scientists should not even be close to the line."

Overseas, officials have gone even further. Last month, an Australian judge found a woman who had tried to kill herself and her children not guilty because she was taking two SSRI-type antidepressants, which "substantially contributed" to her offenses. In the United Kingdom, Member of Parliament Paul Flynn called the drug companies "disease mongers" who encourage and profit from their customers' dependency. He noted that while the use of antidepressants increased more than fivefold between 1994 and 2003, there was no comparable decrease in the number of suicides.



Traci Johnson

that could keep their products off the market. In 1998, a confidential memorandum from SmithKline Beecham (now GlaxoSmithKline Plc) concluded that one study on the antidepressant Paxil "failed to demonstrate a statistically significant difference from placebo in primary efficacy measures," and that a second study "showed a high placebo response rate and failed to demonstrate any separation of Paxil from placebo." The memo concluded that these results were "insufficiently robust" and "will therefore not be submitted to the regulatory authorities." (I found this document especially interesting because it was Paxil that my friend had been taking just before he came to believe he was Bruce Willis, and SmithKline that threatened me with the aforementioned lawsuit.)

The memo shows how the FDA allows drug companies to more or less regulate themselves, letting them determine which drugs are and are not safe and which studies will and will not be reported. And they are doing so in the face of allegations suggesting that the psychiatric drug industry is rarely interested in any science that might harm investor expectations of future drug production pipelines and profit margins. Some of these charges are coming from members of the psychiatric field itself, such as the Welsh psychiatrist David Healy. Before becoming known as one of the world's most outspoken critics of antidepressants, Healy was a paid consultant to the pharmaceutical industry, authored 120 peer reviewed articles and twelve books, and served as Secretary of the British Association of Psychopharmacology. He is an expert on the science and business of the drug industry, and a talk he gave in 2001 in Toronto on the subject is worth quoting at length:

No SSRIs, not even Prozac, are available on the Japanese market for depression. The era of depression that we have lived through in the 1990s in the West has arguably been a politically and economically constructed era that bears little relationship to any clinical facts. An era that has changed popular culture by replacing a psychobabble of Freudian terms with a new biobabble about low serotonin levels and the like...

Aside from the inadequacy of our clinical trial methods, professors are in jail for inventing patients. A significant proportion of the scientific literature is now ghostwritten. A large number of the clinical trials done are not reported if the results don't suit the study's sponsoring company... to call this 'science' is misleading. When you consider that we are now treating children from the ages 1 to 4 with Prozac and Ritalin, you will see that we are not treating diseases here.

Healy went on to analyze eating disorders and hyperactivity in terms of the creation of markets and the control of behavior for the benefit of industry. Finally, Healy delivered his punchline: "I happen to believe that Prozac and other SSRI drugs can lead to suicide. These drugs may have been responsible for one death

turn to TESTING, page 10

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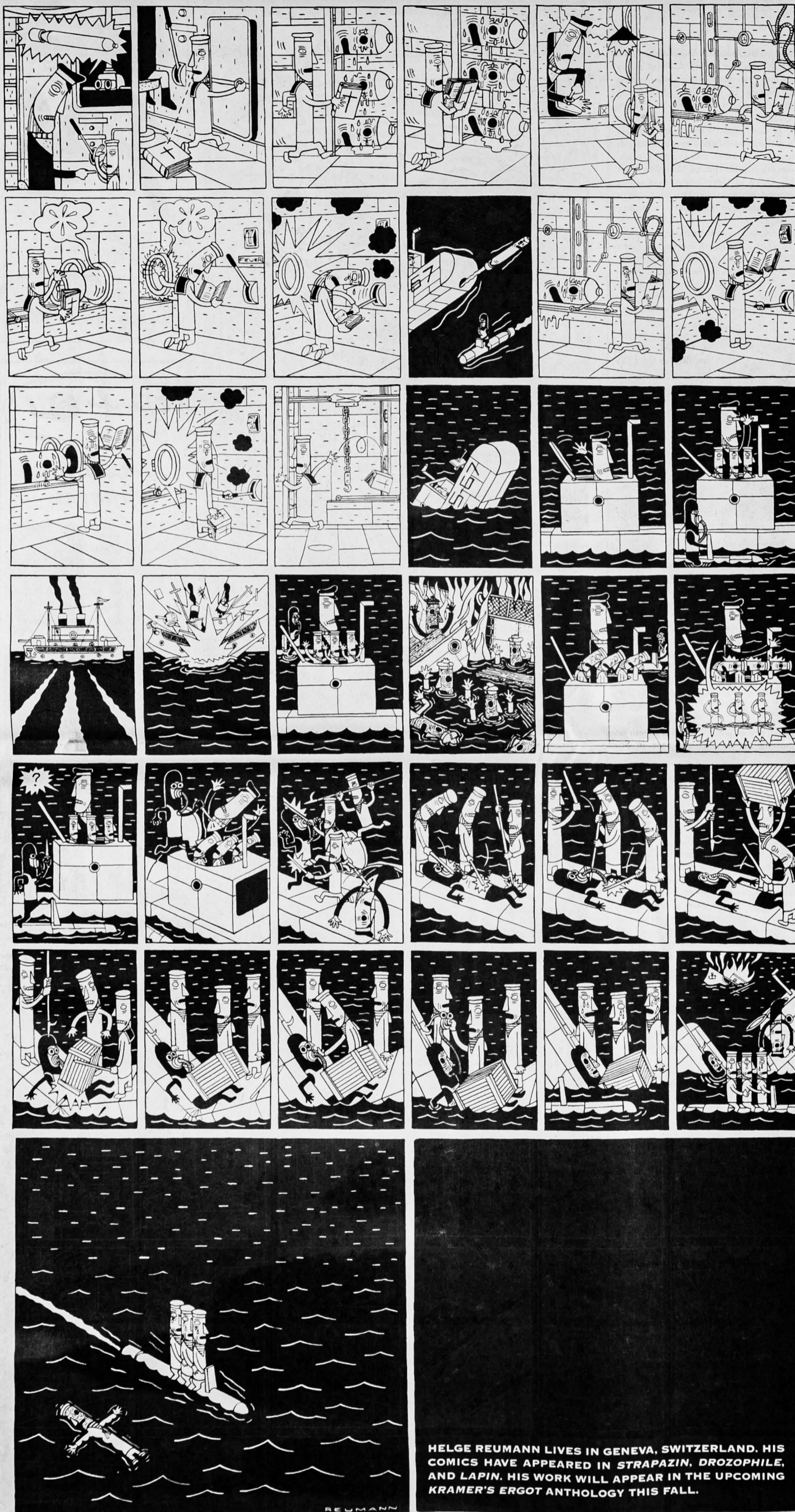
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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 8



HELGE REUMANN LIVES IN GENEVA, SWITZERLAND. HIS COMICS HAVE APPEARED IN STRAPAZIN, DROZOPHILE, AND LAPIN. HIS WORK WILL APPEAR IN THE UPCOMING KRAMER'S ERGOT ANTHOLOGY THIS FALL.

from TESTING page 9

for every day that Prozac has been on the market in North America."

Healy's cautious wording about how antidepressants "may have been responsible" speaks to the complexity of precisely measuring the effects psychiatric drugs have on their users. The efficacy of a drug for fever, for example, can be measured by taking the subject's temperature, just as the safety of an automobile can be measured with a crash test. A psychiatric drug, on the other hand, treats a condition that leaves much room for interpretation, and is diagnosed in part by the patient's input as well as the psychiatrist's observations. A healthy test subject is determined to be such, in part, through his or her own answers to standardized questions about a condition. Healy's new book, *Let Them Eat Prozac*, describes every portion of this process and shows how a company's stock price and product development deadlines can impact the way it interprets data.

Money allows companies to come to terms with the victims whenever things fall apart. The Johnson family has retained the Bristol, Pa. firm of Cordisco, Bradway and Simmons as their counsel. The family has requested that the Indianapolis coroner perform a second test on Johnson's blood to determine if duloxetine

was in her system at the time of her death. Should the Johnson family decide to file suit, they will likely end up receiving a large settlement—perhaps as much as \$10 million or even \$100 million. But these amounts do not seem so large beside the \$2 billion or more in annual sales that analysts have estimated Cymbalta could make on the U.S. market; in fact paying off the family of the occasional dead guinea pig or patient could be considered a cost of doing business. Unless the FDA changes the ways in which it collects and audits information from drug studies, it's unlikely the production of new disorders and new drugs will stop, with each scientific breakthrough timed to coincide with the expiration of a patent.

Lilly can afford to hire the best crisis managers, public relations representatives, and, if necessary, defense attorneys that money can buy. But Rev. Barnay said money won't be enough to silence Traci Johnson's family. "They are greatly concerned that no further harm be done to anyone else as a result of taking this drug," he said. "This is not about money. Traci died with some honor and with dignity. Eli Lilly needs to show some respect for her memory."

Robert P. Helm is the editor and principal author of *Guinea Pig Zero: An Anthology of the Journal for Human Research Subjects available from Garret County Press. Formerly of University City, he now lives in France.*

commerce

INDUSTRY NEWS

PRECIOUS METALS: In his younger days, Alex the jeweler was also Alex the used-watch salesman, until the price of a couple of used Rolex timepieces that seemed too good to be true was, and the young owner of the Golden Fever booth in the National Watch Exchange at Eighth and Chestnut streets found himself facing a ten year prison sentence on federal charges of conspiracy. After his acquittal in 1995, Alex the jeweler told reporters he was looking for a new vocation. "A jeweler is a victim," he told them, "whether they get robbed, shot at, or buying something from someone not knowing it's stolen." But instead of becoming Alex the computer programmer or Alex the carpenter, Alex the jeweler resolved simply to stop buying things from people. "I'm not in the jewelry business," he says today. "I'm in the bling business."

On a recent summer day, while a Sean Paul CD drowned out the whir of a jewelry steamer steaming, the diminutive Alex, a youthful Kiev native and father of three who emigrated to Northeast Philadelphia at age 13, showed off pictures of some of the hundreds of custom-designed pieces of "bling" he has fashioned for rappers and hip-hop music industry insiders. "I guess it probably started with Charli Baltimore," he says, referencing the once-paramour of the late Biggie Smalls, who dropped by while in Philadelphia to purchase a watch for her boyfriend, Miss Jade, Allen Iverson, and Nas—his favorite hip-hop artist—followed. He lured his longtime friend Ron Alia back from South Beach, Florida, where he had been a top salesman at the Versace couture store at Bell Harbor. "We knew that Versace got famous by giving dresses away to famous women," he explains, as the taller, bronzer Alia nods. "So I found out that Freeway's record was going to drop, and I knew a couple of deejays who knew him, and I gave him my watch for the video" of the hit single "Flipside." On the set, Alex the jeweler met even more celebrities. "That was the first time I met Hov," Alex remembers in his thick accented English, referring to the rapper Jay-Z, who ordered a medallion with the folded hands logo of his own Roc La Familia rap family. "He is a really humble man, really humble," he adds, pointing to a snapshot on the wall of himself with 'Hov' at his studio last year. "I never really clicked with him," Alia muses, then adds that Hov, while a bit aloof, is certainly a much more pleasant presence than Jennifer Lopez, who during her courtship of Sean "Puffy" Combs visited his Versace store and refused to look at him. "The only way to get her attention is with an engagement ring."

Alex the jeweler will be running advertisements boasting photos of himself standing with Memphis Bleek in the July issue of *XXL* magazine and the June *Don Diva*, and his booth is featured in an upcoming song by State Property member Peedi Crakk. A custom-made diamond encrusted white gold medallion generally costs at least \$4,000, though discounts are available for bulk orders. Alex the jeweler reports that although rose and yellow gold made a small comeback late last year and earlier this year, white gold is still the variety of choice.

Meanwhile, platinum jewelry sales have fallen steadily as global prices have risen, thanks to the tremendous demand for platinum by the vehicle catalyst market.

"Platinum is too expensive."

SNACK FOOD: Have the two words "limited" and "edition," taken together, ever meant anything to anyone who was not an absolute, bona fide sucker? Put another way, have they ever meant anything other than "Make Way For The Sucker!" The Franklin Mint and Shepard Fairey, Upper Deck and Mattel all have carved

out lucrative niches by exploiting the foolish class of consumer that somehow takes the word of the manufacturer that production of a good will be somehow limited to the degree that said good will, in the imminent future, be deemed a valuable "collector's item." And now comes our state's source of milk chocolate dreams and caviar wishes, confection concern Hershey Foods.

In the past year Hershey, mostly under the "limited edition" banner, has given us triple chocolate Big Kats, white chocolate Big Cups, Bites, big cups of Bites, big tubs of Minis, Cookies & Choclate candy bars, Cookies & Mint candy bars, Kisses with Caramel, S'mores, Pina Colada Almond Joy, Sugar Free Everything and, not last and certainly not least, the patented Swoops, smooth, Pringles-shaped caloric delivery devices in the flavors Reese's, York and Kit-Kat. (Once, Reese's and York were not considered to be distinct flavors unto themselves; rather, the former was a combination of light milk chocolate and peanut butter, the latter dark chocolate and sweet peppermint. Swoops will forever change this.)

But in a recent presentation before Wall Street analysts, Hershey CEO Rick Lenny revealed the methodology behind this snack food aisle madness: a "disciplined fact-based approach to decision making" called Integrated Business Intelligence or IBI. THE INDEPENDENT obtained a copy of the transcript of this meeting, during which Lenny revealed that not only are products marked "limited edition" not necessarily limited edition ("In fact, several of the limited edition Reese's items were so successful that we've made them part of our everyday lineup," he boasted) and certainly not reliable collector's items, but numerous other IBI-derived business strategies. Our findings:

—IBI has convinced Hershey's to reallocate its brand spending. "Over the past three years, we've shifted our investment to Hershey's large, competitively advantaged scale brands." That's right! Goodbye, M. Goodbar; good day, Payday! Hello, Reese's 1st Break, Reese's Low Carb, Reese's 99 cent 2 go Bites, Reese's Mini Bites, Reese's Big Cup, White Chocolate Reese's 8c & 8c ...

—IBI has enabled Hershey Foods to make more money! "Hershey's average retail price per pound is now seven percentage points higher than it was in 2000."

—IBI is helping Hershey's meet consumer needs. "We targeted three specific benefits—taste, convenience and better for you."

—With regards to taste, Hershey has found that candy is better than other snacks. "It represents 38 percent of total sales, larger than salty snacks and larger than cookies and crackers," Lenny revealed. "The confectionery category is No. 1 in household penetration; No. 1 in impulse purchase; No. 1 in terms of responsiveness to in-store merchandising; and No. 1 in terms of conversion from awareness to purchase at the checkout aisle. As an addendum, "salty sweet" snacks are as good as sweet snacks, and miles ahead of salty ones. In addition, chocolate, caramel and peanut butter are better than other flavors."

—With regard to convenience: "ICE BREAKERS(R) Liquid Ice is a breakthrough in convenience within the intense mint segment. ICE BREAKERS(R) Liquid Ice looks like caviar yet delivers on the intense mint sensation that consumers expect within this segment."

—With regard to "better for you" snacks, chocolate, caramel and peanut butter are still better. Which is why: "It's the better for you segment in early 2003 Hershey introduced four sugar free varieties with the Reese's brand becoming the top seller." Low carb low-fat, Zone compliant, whatever: chocolate, caramel and peanut butter always win.



LIKE A THICK MATTE PICTURELESS MAGAZINE

On How to Rule

AGAINST ALL ENEMIES INSIDE AMERICA'S WAR ON TERROR

By Richard Clarke
New York: Simon and Schuster
2004

THE CHOICE GLOBAL DOMINATION OR GLOBAL LEADERSHIP

By Zbigniew Brzezinski
New York: Basic Books
2004

THE PARADOX OF AMERICAN POWER WHY THE WORLD'S ONLY SUPERPOWER CAN'T GO IT ALONE

By Joseph Nye
New York: Public Affairs
2002

THE SORROWS OF EMPIRE MILITARISM, SECRECY, AND THE END OF THE REPUBLIC

By Chalmers Johnson
New York: Metropolitan Books
2004

from CLARKE page 1
become familiar. The Bush administration, as Clarke has it, halted the progress made in the Clinton years by ignoring Clarke's warnings and hence failing to formulate a clear counter-terrorism strategy until it was too late. Worse, the administration's invasion of Iraq and its desire to enhance domestic security on the cheap led to decisions and policies that have left the nation less secure than it was before September 11. Bush, according to Clarke, "had a unique opportunity to unite America, to bring the United States together with allies around the world to fight terrorism and hate, to eliminate al Qaeda, to eliminate our vulnerabilities, to strengthen important nations threatened by radicalism. He did none of those things. He invaded Iraq."

Since his book appeared, debate has raged amongst the punditocracy about the historical accuracy of Clarke's account and about his motives and credibility. Unfortunately, this debate has not contributed much to the vital question of how to best respond to Islamist terrorism. In fact, the public spectacle initiated by Clarke's book, his testimony, and the subsequent counter-testimony of Condoleezza Rice have instead served to distract the press and the public from the fact that neither the current administration nor their detractors and opponents seem to have any good ideas about how to keep Americans safe in an increasingly dangerous world or about how to prepare Americans for the realities of living in insecure times. The "he said, she said" charade was dressed up to look like a meaningful moment of truth for the country, yet sadly it amounted to little more than a mutually self-serving effort by both parties to draw hollow, largely rhetorical distinctions between themselves and their equally empty prescriptions for preventing the continuing growth of international Islamist terrorism.

The Clarke drama serves as a visible symbol of a larger development that is taking place at the nexus of academic foreign policy and the power corridors of Washington. Just as Clarke stepped up to denounce Bush for dan-

gerously breaking with Clinton's post-Cold War approach to fighting terrorism, a growing chorus of foreign policy establishment figures has begun to warn of the dangers of the Bush administration's unilateral, go-it-alone approach to wielding American power. In the immediate aftermath of September 11 and during Operation Enduring Freedom in Afghanistan, criticism of Bush's foreign policy was mostly limited to the self-proclaimed left. But as the war in Iraq has gone from "Mission Accomplished" to "Mission Impossible," many theorists and policymakers who in the past were frequent objects of liberal scorn have now become critics of the Bush administration's entire approach to foreign policy. Liberals now take great pleasure in their newfound ability to say, "Even [fill in the blank] thinks these Bush guys are nuts!" Goaded out of its complacency by the blunt and self-determined neoconservatives, the Consensus is striking back.

Shunning any whiff of Noam Chomsky's moral critiques of the American Empire, these are thinkers who wholeheartedly embrace America's role as the single most powerful entity in the history of humanity, but worry that such a role must be guided by principles that the Bush Administration has publicly rejected. Though they are politically and philosophically a diverse group, they can all be seen as "post-9/11 realists."

Post-9/11 realists are strategists, wary of grand ideological projects to re-shape the world, but certain that the maintenance of American preeminence in world affairs is a desirable and achievable objective, although one that is not guaranteed. They might be best described as imperial pragmatists. "American global hegemony is now a fact of life," Zbigniew Brzezinski writes in his new book, *The Choice: Global Domination or Global Leadership*, adding, "No one, including America, has any choice in the matter."

Brzezinski is a classic Cold Warrior who served as Carter's National Security Advisor, since leaving government he has enthusiastically become the kind of person the term "elder statesman" was invented to describe. With the publication of his new book, he has again transformed himself, this time into one of the most vocal of the post-9/11 realists. For Brzezinski, the question of whether America's global hegemony is desirable is irrelevant. The only question is "how America defines for itself—and for the world as well—the central purposes of its hegemony." After castigating the Bush administration for declaring that central purpose to be a vaguely defined "war on terrorism," he proposes that the central purpose should instead be to lead other nations in a struggle to reduce the vague threat of "global turmoil." Brzezinski's War on Global Turmoil would chiefly involve re-engaging with our traditional European allies in order to encourage "bilateral and multilateral free trade agreements, regional policy forums, and formal alliances" that will form the basis for an eventual "informal international governance structure." The War on Global Turmoil, however, would not require any re-examination of the size, structure or strategy of America's global military and intelligence operations.

Indeed, it's rather remarkable how little Brzezinski has to say about military and intelligence strategies, which taken together form the most basic mechanism for maintaining the United States' unchallenged power. This omission is certainly not for lack of knowledge. After all, back in 1979, it was National Security Advisor Brzezinski who persuaded Carter to begin covert CIA assistance to Afghan and Arab Islamist guerrillas in Afghanistan, in order to help them in their

effort to defeat the Soviet puppet government then in power. Contrary to the long-standing official history of these events, this assistance began before the eventual Soviet invasion and was intended to increase the probability that the Soviets would be drawn into their own Vietnam. Brzezinski has taken credit for the "success" of this strategy. But one cannot help wondering: would such "realist" strategies, which of course promote an increase in global turmoil, be part of the effort to reduce global turmoil? Brzezinski doesn't say. Indeed, he doesn't really elaborate about how the role of the armed forces and the intelligence services would differ were the US to pursue "global leadership" instead of "global domination."

For America to retain this global dominance, Joseph Nye argues in his 2002 book, *The Paradox of American Power: Why the World's Only Superpower Can't Go It Alone*, it cannot rely solely on military might, but must strengthen its "soft power." Soft power is all about "getting others to want what you want." As opposed to hard power, soft power "co-opts people rather than coerces them." America's soft power, according to Nye, derives from "the values of democracy, personal freedom, upward mobility, and openness that are often expressed in American popular culture, higher education, and foreign policy." Nye has recently expanded on this concept in a new book, *Soft Power: The Means to Success in World Politics*.

Nye, who served as Assistant Secretary of Defense under Clinton, is generally considered a multilateralist, and like Brzezinski, he urges US policymakers to work with longstanding allies and supranational institutions. But he too evinces a curious reluctance to address the reality of running a vast military behemoth. Furthermore, for all his condemnations of Bush's unilateralism, it is often difficult to differentiate Nye's version of cooperation with other world powers from that of the Bush administration. Before 9/11, Richard Haass, the State Department's director of policy planning, described Bush's foreign policy as "à la carte multilateralism." This term could be easily applied to Nye's approach as well. For Nye, the U.S. was correct to not sign the multilateral treaty banning landmines, since landmines have a role in "preventing North Korean tanks crossing the demilitarized zone in South Korea." One can obviously see why that would be a reason for South Korea to not sign the treaty, but it didn't keep any of America's European allies from doing so. Nye explains that this disparity is due to "our global military role." Here he must be referring to the presence of approximately 37,000 American military personnel in South Korea. But Nye is silent as to the exact mission of those forces and their relationship to American policy towards the Koreans.

According to Nye, "our global military role" also justified the United States' decision to not ratify the treaty to create the International Criminal Court unless its procedures could be "clarified to ensure protection of American troops from unjustified charges of war crimes." The revelations about the abuse of prisoners detained by the U.S. military in Iraq's Abu Ghraib prison raises obvious questions about how many of those charges would be unjustified. Furthermore, the fact that the Pentagon tried to sweep the entire Abu Ghraib episode under the rug only reinforces the need for an independent, international body that would give legitimacy to the prosecutions of American soldiers who commit such crimes.

I imagine that Nye was probably shocked by the photos and stories that emerged from Abu Ghraib. After all, a hegemon whose troops behave in this way will have a rather tough time trying to be effective as a "soft power." Yet Abu Ghraib and the entire constellation of secret prisons and interrogation facilities the U.S. operates are the logical outgrowth of a military colossus, desperate for information about the world it is struggling to control. The bitter reality is that in order to

maintain its military dominance, America will have to create more Abu Ghraibs, not fewer. This is the kind of reality that Nye's vision of "soft power" fails to account for.

Indeed, a reader of many of the "anti-Bush" titles penned by post-September 11 realists is likely to come away with the impression that the functioning of the U.S. military-intelligence complex, which is so obviously a major component of American hegemony, has almost nothing to do with foreign policy at all. For the post-9/11 realists, the American military colossus is like a genie that can be summoned to perform its magic in a crisis and then conveniently squeeze itself back into its bottle, freeing the Washington policy elite to get back to building a consensual international governance structure based on free markets and democratic nationalism. Yet the distinct realities of this colossus—not the abstract fact of its indomitable, but the actual way it operates and influences policymaking—are critical factors in determining the possibilities and limits of American power.

This is the reality that Chalmers Johnson addresses in *The Sorrows of Empire*, which offers the reader an account of what Johnson calls America's "empire of bases," its 725 acknowledged (and countless other unacknowledged) military installations in 153 countries on every continent save Antarctica, consisting of "permanent naval bases, military airfields, army garrisons, espionage listening posts, and strategic enclaves" that are home to upwards of half a million military personnel and civilians. This world, Johnson alleges, constitutes a parallel American society that, far from operating in a vacuum, has in fact developed into the defining institution of American life. In a typical passage, Johnson writes:

There are so many interests other than those of the military officials who live off the empire that its existence is distinctly overdetermined—so much so that it is hard to imagine the United States ever voluntarily getting out of the empire business. In addition to its military and their families, the empire supports the military-industrial complex, university research and development centers, petroleum refiners and distributors, innumerable foreign officer corps whom it has trained, manufacturers of sport utility vehicles and small-arms ammunition, multinational corporations and the cheap labor they use to make their products, investment banks, hedge funds and speculators of all varieties.

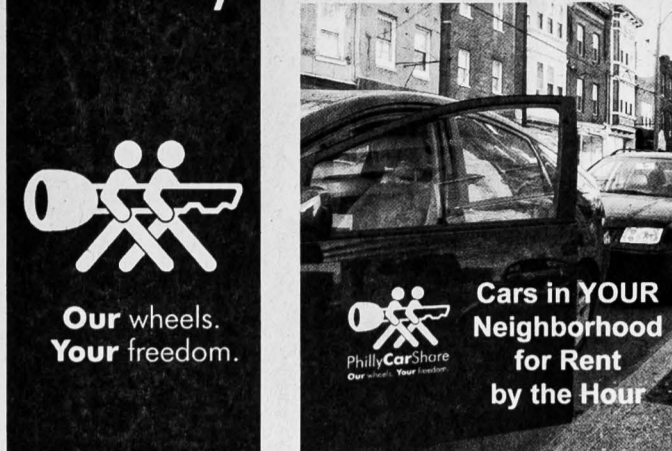
Johnson's is an entirely different brand of "realism." Rather than turning a blind eye to the deleterious effects of global military dominance, Johnson forces his readers to take a cold, hard look at what hegemony really looks like. A political scientist and one-time cold warrior who is a noted expert on the post-war Japanese economy, Johnson became something of an intellectual celebrity after September 11. His book *Blowback*, published in 1999, detailed the unintended consequences of American foreign policy. The book was early prescient in foreseeing how attempts to increase American influence in the world through military actions and covert intelligence operations were actually creating new instabilities, which then inspired further military actions and covert intelligence operations, and so on and so forth, creating a vicious cycle that was leading the U.S. inexorably towards a kind of postmodern militarist imperialism.

Johnson's basic argument is that the continued maintenance and growth of America's empire of bases has become an end unto itself. It is not connected to any clear vision of an effective or constructive exercise of global hegemony but rather serves only to generate more animosity towards the United States, create new opportunities for anti-American demagoguery, and exacerbate regional instabilities by propping up repressive, anti-democratic and corrupt client regimes that profit from the lucrative presence of American bases on their soil.

One passage from Richard Clarke's book, in fact, fits neatly into Johnson's jeremiad. In the late 1970s and early 1980s, Clarke was part of the State Department's Bureau of Politico-Military Affairs when the Carter and then Reagan administrations decided that the Soviet presence in Afghanistan presented an unacceptable risk to American interests in the Persian Gulf. "Thus did the United States embark on a fevered campaign to develop the military capability to project force into the region and to create bases into which those forces could be sent." The Zelig-like Clarke, who constantly turns up at important moments in American geopolitical history, was a vital part of that campaign:

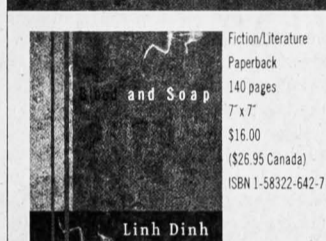
I was asked to meet with the U.S. military planners who were assigned to turn to CLARKE, page 13

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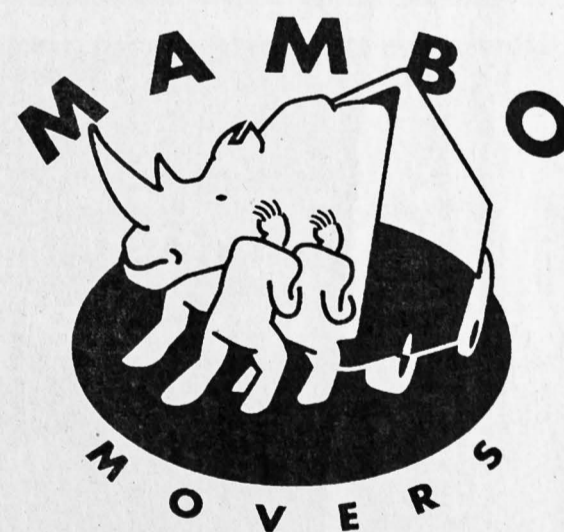
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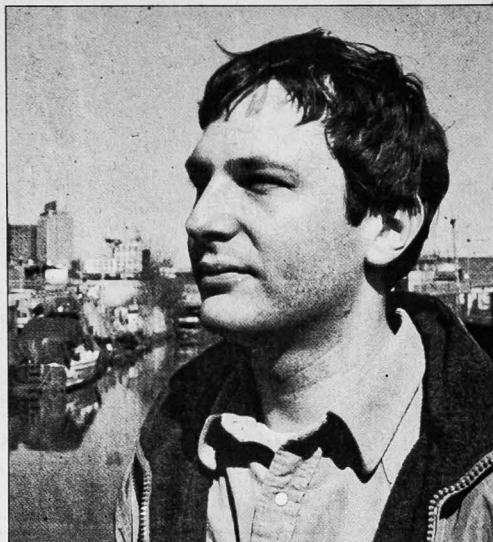




interview

Jonathan Raymond

AUTHOR OF "THE HALF-LIFE," A NOVEL



Last summer Portland, Ore.'s *Organ Review of Arts* published an essay by Jonathan Raymond, which suggested that an increasingly homogenous global culture had intensified the need for a new regionalist literature, a fiction that highlighted provincial identities and quirks rather than attempting to flatten them with stories that attempted to be universal: "The political, emotional and financial truths of our families and friends bear witness to the lies that power would tell us." We might read this as a call to return to the raking of muck and tugging of heartstrings, in the tradition of Upton Sinclair and John Steinbeck's sympathetic accounts of industrialization's noble and suffering victims. But Portland, where Raymond spent most of his childhood,

is no Chicago, no Dust Bowl. Its struggles are less about heroes and villains than pioneers attempting to tame the land itself, and to forge a local identity out of a place too young to have anything but a natural history.

This is the regionalism of Raymond's first novel, *The Half-Life*, a book that views history as a set of relationships born, developed, and finally forgotten in a single place. The book alternates between the parallel accounts of two 1830s frontiersmen, Cookie and Henry, who follow a speculative beaver-oil scheme to China and back, and two 1980s teenagers, Tina and Trixie, who grow marijuana in the woods to finance their first collaborative film project. Despite living 150 years apart, unknown to one another, the doubled pairs are

united by the evidence the older ones leave behind—a pair of old skeletons and a scroll. Both friendships begin with the circumstantial scarcities of place. In the 1830s, a lack of food; in the 1980s, a lack of distractions amid the dullness of television and the girls' tiresome hippie parents. The friendships start with these shared needs, blossom into mutual quests and explorations, then gradually lose their symmetry. They decay into memories and then bodies, ending as they began, with place.

Raymond is 32 years old, teaches fiction at the New School, and edits *Tin House*, a quarterly literary journal. He contributed a short story about David Lee Roth entitled "Wow," to *THE INDEPENDENT*'s first issue. This interview took place in a park near his apartment in Brooklyn, a place, he said, he'll never know as well as his hometown, no matter how long he lives there.

THE PHILADELPHIA INDEPENDENT: If this novel were a doghouse, how would you say that you decided to go and build it?
Jonathan Raymond: Building a doghouse has been a long-held dream of mine, one dream among many. Then there came a point when some of the other long-held dreams became very farfetched. I realized that rather than building a bunch of little doghouses all over the yard, I needed to concentrate my energies on one really big doghouse with all the fixings on it. I decided not to wait around any more to write a novel. I'm going to quit doing little video installations and little paintings in my basement, and little reviews for every little zine that comes along, and just actually see what happens when I focus all my attention on one big project. Now, four years later, I have this doghouse that I can go lie down in.

TPI: It's a nice doghouse.

JR: Yeah, it's a pretty plush doghouse. It's like one of those Snoopy doghouses with the huge underground basement, with a pool table.

TPI: Most first novels seem to draw directly from the writer's own life and have a clear author/narrator/protagonist. Why didn't you go this route?

JR: Not that many interesting things have ever

happened to me, so I had to be a little more imaginative about it. It puzzles me how most people feel so beholden to the facts of their own lives, when you can throw those facts into a different system and come up with something else. If my life were as interesting as the book, maybe I wouldn't want to be writing stuff anyway. If I were into extreme sports, I could just go do that.

TPI: Many of your earlier short stories have contemporary settings. Much of this book takes place in the 19th century, including scenes on a ship and in China. How did you go about your research?

JR: The research was pretty thin, honestly. If one scratches very hard they will find that it's pretty flimsy. To me, the more important thing was creating an ambience of authentic history happening. It's more like movie history than history with a capital 'h.' I was interested in that patina of history and the plasticity that happens when you're not totally confined to historical accuracy. My hope is that the scenes on the boat and the scenes from China will seem fully fleshed, even though there's a certain slight of hand going on. The sense of historical truth or accuracy is being held together with some smoke and mirrors, which is fine. My own understanding of history comes from pretty minimal coordinates. I have certain vague ideas about how things happen and for me part of this was going deep into my own half-fictional ideas about what different historical periods were like and trying to mine them through my imagination rather than through strict events, if that makes sense. That's another question I'm going to have to learn how to answer in a real way, because friends of mine are pointing out historical inaccuracies throughout the writing of it. They're piling up already, these huge historical inaccuracies throughout, but to me, it's not that big of a deal, because it's not ultimately about capturing the truth. Or there's a different kind of truth that it's working, one that's more emotional and vague.

TPI: It seems like a lot of your characters also struggle with research and historical interpretation. Things disappear and then reappear, but

those who find them never seem to be able to track down the origins.

JR: There was a funny article in the *New York Times* a year or so ago about a time capsule in Washington Park in Portland. They had buried the capsule 100 years ago, but various landmarks and monuments had been moved over the years, and they couldn't find the time capsule 100 years later. Stuff just gets shuffled around. It may one day pop up, belatedly. That's just how time works. It's either too early or too late.

TPI: So are these confusions a function of the landscape?

JR: That was something I was conscious of going in, the landscape-y stuff. I wanted the landscape to be a character in the book, in the same way landscape was a character for 20th century regionalist writers—people like Sherwood Anderson or Sinclair Lewis or Willa Cather, or like William Faulkner and the Southern agrarians. I think certain conversations about globalism and the postmodern economy have caused people to forget, or at least forget to appreciate, the power of specific places. I wanted local knowledge to define and frame the storyline. I was concerned with making it very specifically Northwest-y and not making it about media culture or how everywhere it's the same. I'm more concerned with how everything's different, and how the mysteries moving through certain landscapes are highly contained and local. American history in the Northwest, for example, has more of a relationship to China than it does to Europe. That's one thing I love about the cover, it's an image of the Columbia River gorge but it could just as easily be a picture of China.

TPI: We've been talking a lot about content. I would be remiss if I didn't also ask you about process, the place you write, the equipment you use, the graph where you tally up the number of hours and pages. Do you have any tricks?

JR: Yeah, I have to put on my magic writing underwear, something like that, that I keep in my lead-lined box. That, and I lie down in my Orgone machine every morning.

TPI: Your what?

JR: My Orgone machine, you know? It's some kind of proto-New Age sort of pseudoscientific thing to get your biorhythms activated and your mojo going in a certain way. Wilhelm Reich, I think, invented the Orgone machine. A lot of the beatniks and the Esalen people were into it. So anyway, process. I honestly don't understand how anyone wrote before word processing and the ability to cut and paste. I don't know how you could do it. For one, there's just the issue of creating the time to do it, and actually sitting down every day for a while, and not getting frustrated even if something's not purely working. Part of me thinks that if anyone sits down in a room with the intention of writing a novel, eventually they will have written one. It's purely a function of time. If you spend enough time doing it, eventually you'll have something. That's the primary thing. The other thing, for me, is manufacturing allegories for writing. There's this constant sidebar effect, coming up with new kinds of metaphors for what it is that you're doing. Like today it feels like I'm digging a huge pit with a circular stairway that I have to go down and get a pile of dirt, and then I have to walk all the way up the stairs and throw it out, and then I walk back down. Or today I feel like I'm building a barrel from the inside. Or today I feel like a shark. I just have to keep moving all the time and as long as I keep moving I won't die. Or today I'm kind of like a monkey, and I'm going from vine to vine and I just have to trust there's going to be a vine when I get there. Sometimes it gets ridiculous, like I'm half-monkey, half-shark. As long as I keep moving from vine to vine everything's going to be fine.

TPI: Did you start from scratch or do you have a framework or outline in mind?

JR: There's a kind of back and forth between the notes and the manuscript. One thing that it's important for any writer to have is a little notebook, so you can jot down your ideas when they come to you. A lot of time writing is spent actually at the computer, but a lot of it is walking around with it in the back of your head and letting it sift around in a certain way. Often, you'll have a real breakthrough riding the subway or taking a job or watching a movie instead of staring at a blank piece of paper. It's impor-

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 He says
 So what? I shrug
 A telescope is set up
 We stand outside
 Disappointed
 I knew this would happen
 But don't say I told you so,
 Standing there in the dark,
 My child asleep on his shoulder,
 Our telescope looking at the heavens
 The heavens peering down at us.
 What do they see?
 A dot of three people
 Through the wrong end
 Of the telescope
 Huddled in disappointment,
 Covering up their love
 So no one can see
 Not even them.

—ANANJA DESHPANDE

have it somewhere else too. But then there's other times it goes straight into the computer. Once I have a big enough mass of material to be working with, then it's just a matter of putting daily pressure on it and shaping and changing and making it readable. That's one level, getting it down, and then there's another level, the revising. There are constantly hairline fractures appearing in what you're working on, where you realized this avenue isn't working and you need to try something else. I see that down the road there's a warp that's happening that I need to make sure doesn't turn into a huge crack. And sometimes things do crack off and you can't save it any more and you just have to discard. It's a really weird process, because the thing you're working on is changing the whole time that you're working on it. It's a lot of shuttling back and forth between fixing and making new material that starts to happen. One has to kind of have the blind confidence that it will eventually harden into a final shape and be done, and to learn to enjoy the process of being engaged in this morass, because if you didn't enjoy it, it would be totally intolerable.

TPI: What was it like growing up in Portland?
JR: I was in high school and only just beginning to explore. There were these really arty kinds of punk rock bands, bands like the Hellcows or Hitting Birds or the Obituaries. Bands that nobody's heard of who wasn't there, but bands that to me, in high school, were formative. I was like "the Ramones are interesting, the Sex Pistols, whatever." But for me, it was the Hellcows. The way that people receive mass media depends on their location. When you see mass media and you don't know anyone who writes for television or acts on television, it becomes a much more bizarre product, and you have an inherent suspicion about it. In a sense, Portland is a model city, a tiny model of a city. It feels like this petite version of a fully-grown kind of place. It has all the various parts but in miniaturized form, and it becomes easier to see how the parts interact because there's only one of each part.

TPI: You situate Trixie and Tina on this permanent Portland frontier at the edge of Forest Park, where they're starting their own little age

of discovery, riding the bus and doing drugs.
JR: And thrift shopping. It is an age of discovery, that mid-teenage moment when you're really finding a lot of things out for the first time. For me, a big theme of the whole book is friendship and the way we build ourselves through our friendships and swap pieces of ourselves with other people. A lot of that comes out in the collaborative process, and that's why I gave Trixie and Tina the whole filmmaking project to do. It was a way for me to bring these characters into an extreme kind of intimacy, where their actual imaginations are feeding off of each other. I went into this thing believing there was a dearth of real literary friendship narratives, although I've since come to realize there's a real bedrock. The Epic of Gilgamesh, that's as old as it gets in terms of friendship narratives. It's about the tragedy of losing a friend. Teenagers have a moment where friendships can become incredibly intense. I wanted to put their friendship through the whole motion of that kind of amazing blossoming early moment to a more subtle power dynamic to it ultimately breaking, and there being a kind of sense of betrayal and loss at the end.

TPI: In the book's dedication, you call Portland "the most glamorous town in the world."

JR: I do find it very glamorous. I think everybody feels this way, or they feel the opposite. You either love where you come from and find this enormous charisma in it that only a few people understand, or you just despise it and you're so glad that you got out of that hellhole. You take a certain amount of the place's self-mythologizing at face value, but I do feel like Portland continues to be this weird kind of magnet. Per capita there seems to be more interesting and eccentric activity going on there than in other places. But again, most people would say the same thing. It's like, if you're from Kentucky, then the pot from Kentucky is stronger than anywhere else, the teenagers from Kentucky are the most corrupt and evil or something. To me, that's the ultimate paradox of regional identity. Everyone feels that where they're from is the center of the world.

from CLARKE page 11
 this task. Instead of finding them in the bowels of the Pentagon, I found them at the end of a noisy runway on a fighter base in Florida. They were in trailers surrounded by barbed wire and they were wearing field camouflage. Of course, I had to ask why.

"We're called the Rapid Deployment Joint Task Force, RDJTF," General Robert Kingston explained. "So I want it to look like we can deploy rapidly to the region."

"Can you?" I asked.
 "No, but that's where you guys come in. You're gonna get us some bases."

... My colleagues and I soon found ourselves negotiating in Egypt, Bahrain, Kuwait, Oman, the United Arab Emirates, Qatar and Saudi Arabia.

The result of those negotiations, of course, was the establishment of some of the most important nodes on the network of bases that Johnson identifies as the true face of American imperialism.

This unlikely confluence between Clarke and Johnson points toward the very similar myths at work in the controversy over Clarke's allegations and the larger, more abstract debate between post-September 11 multilateral realists and their neoconservative unilateralist opponents. Clarke is fairly persuasive in faulting the Bush administration's responses to September 11, but he fails in his attempt to promote the myth that the first eight months of Bush's administration represent a frittered-away window of opportunity to prevent the kind of global crisis that now exists. Clarke fails to make that argument convincingly precisely because his book inadvertently makes so clear just how deep the historical roots of the conflict between American empire and Islamist terrorism go. Instead of demonstrating that the Bush Administration is embarking on a radical departure from a gradually improving understanding of how to make America more secure, Clarke actually shows that Bush's "war on terror" is only the latest iteration of a now decade-long history of America's governing elite will-

fully failing to reign in the counterproductive growth of America's "empire of bases."

A very similar myth is at work when the post-September 11 realists attack the Bush administration's unilateralism without any mention of the self-perpetuating and destabilizing global military colossus whose growth and influence would apparently be wholly unaffected if realist critiques were heeded. At the heart of this myth is the false belief that simply changing the rhetoric and style of American imperialism would somehow make it more effective (if not necessarily more morally palatable). It's probably true that such changes would probably encourage better, more productive relations with America's allies, and perhaps they would even reduce some of the non-fanatical anti-Americanism that has become de rigueur all over the world in the past two years. Yet simply paying lip-service to multilateralism, to international cooperation, and to benevolent humanitarian intervention would not address the fundamental, "bipartisan" problem of an out-of-control militaristic expansionism that has slowly but surely become the unspoken credo of American empire.

The unfortunate truth is that it has become blasphemous to question the size and scope of America's global military footprint. Debate within the foreign policy establishment takes as a given that the U.S. must continue to occupy strategic positions all over the globe for the foreseeable future and that, furthermore, the federal government—regardless of partisan alignment—will make no effort to reign in bloated defense budgets or to limit the influence of the military-industrial complex. In the post-9/11 era, anyone who suggests otherwise risks being labeled an "isolationist," or relegated to either the Pat Buchanan far-right or the Noam Chomsky far-left.

Nowhere is the lack of a real debate about America's global military role more evident than in the race for the White House. Presumptive Democratic nominee John Kerry has firmly positioned himself as a post-9/11 realist, a multilateralist who will repair the damage done by Bush to traditional alliances and reshape the U.S. back into a Clintonian superpower that fights wars of "humanitarian

intervention" instead of "pre-emption." He has surrounded himself with advisors who can hardly be described as having any genuinely new ideas about the role of American military power. Indeed, Kerry's main advisor on national security issues is Rand Beers, who was actually part of Bush's National Security Council until resigning on the eve of the Iraq war.

Unfortunately, with the important exception of international environmental issues, it's difficult to pinpoint any area where Kerry's foreign policy approach would differ in substance from Bush's, particularly when it comes to using military force. One particularly striking example of this is Kerry's ideas about America's role in the Israeli-Palestinian conflict. Kerry has become a vocal defender of the policies of Israeli Prime Minister Ariel Sharon, concurring with President Bush when Bush stated that any American-brokered solution to the conflict would involve Israel retaining control of parts of the West Bank and would not involve any "right of return" for Palestinian refugees. Kerry even went one step further than Bush when he approved of Israel's assassination of Hamas leader Abdel Aziz Rantisi in April.

I'm not arguing that Kerry would make the same kinds of disastrous mistakes Bush has made, or that a Kerry administration would willfully mislead Americans about the nature of threats to their security, as the Bush administration has. Nevertheless, it seems that Kerry has no genuine interest in engaging Americans in an honest discussion about the price—in terms of security and economics—of maintaining our military empire, a price that will be very high indeed regardless of whether the U.S. acts "unilaterally" or "multilaterally." I hope that I am proven wrong on this count. For if Kerry turns out to stand for nothing more than an embrace of post-9/11 realist thinking, and his foreign policy plan consists of simply putting a more thoughtful, friendly face on what is an increasingly dangerous American addiction to military expansion, then even if he succeeds in replacing George Bush as president, he will fail to provide the kind of leadership America desperately needs.

Justin Vogt is an associate producer at Ark Media, whose documentaries air on the PBS series "Frontline."

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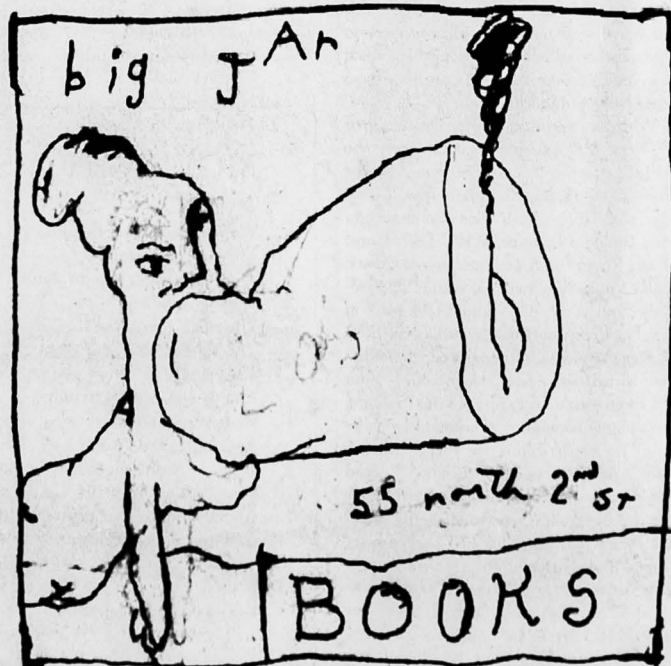
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HORRIFIC HANDYMAN AND THE BRUTAL
MURDERS OF FOUR NATURE-LOVERS

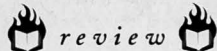
By Carlton Smith
New York: St. Martin's True Crime Library
1999

DEADLY SECRETS

FROM HIGH SCHOOL TO HIGH CRIME—
THE TRUE STORY OF TWO TEEN KILLERS

By Putsa Reang

New York: Avon True Crime (CK)
2001

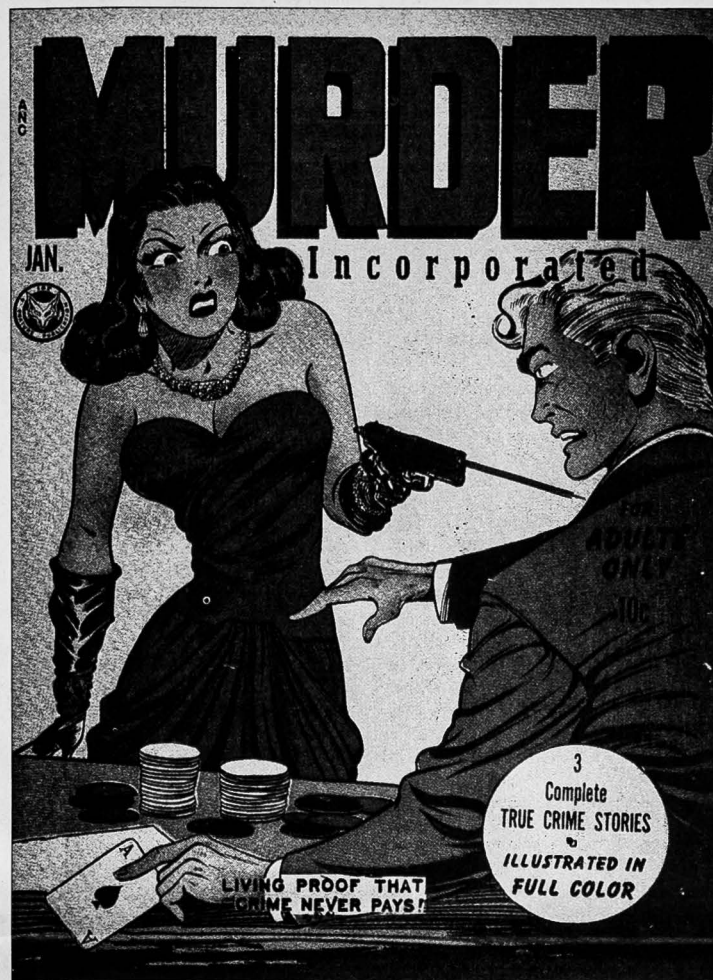


BY ANDREW EARLES

The spines that are the busiest are the spines that beg to be folded backwards. Book title, subtitle, description, primary colors and a small photo, these spines call out to you. The titles are a hair riskier than an afternoon Lifetime Channel thriller or Morgan Freeman Comes Out Of Retirement Again And Gets In Too Deep PG-13 no-boiler. I remember a couple of classics from my early teens, and I remember hiding them from my parents, unsure of what their reaction would be. *Zodiac* (Robert Graysmith, 1987) and *Say You Love Satan* (David St. Clair, 1987) were my first true crime speed-reads, no doubt acquired after additively scaring myself silly with books about UFOs and Bigfoot sightings. For this leisurely tour of the state of the mass-market true crime paperback, I tackled four titles in fourteen days; two chosen at random—*Murder at Yosemite* and *Deadly Secrets*—and two for their (admittedly) relative timeliness—*Laci* and *Held Captive*.

The Laci Peterson whodunit is still trudging on as I write and is nowhere near closure, yet there have been two books published on the subject. A perfect example of how the media world stops when something horrible happens to suburban middle class white people, the very, very pregnant Laci Peterson came up missing around Christmas 2002, only to wash up on the shore of the San Francisco Bay the following April. Logic continues to dictate that her philandering, frat-boy-gone-wrong husband Scott is the prime suspect. Michael Fleeman's *Laci* is a dressed-up clip job of case notes glued together by his writing style, which is somewhere between *People* magazine (for which he writes) and a trade publication servicing the window awning industry. Being that the case is still unwinding with more and more delays, this book is useless to thinking people with access to mainstream news, but tells us something about genre itself and the attention span that these crime cases are afforded.

With the two older books, *Deadly Secrets* and *Murder at Yosemite*, recognition of the original crimes will surely be rare amongst those of you reading this right now. *Deadly Secrets* is about two "goth" kids who murder an entire family in Bellevue, Wash. The victims: Bill and Rose Wilson, and their two daughters, Kim and Julia, who met their demise via baseball bat and sword. The murder took place in 1997, but I remember nary a media peep of it. Reading *Murder at Yosemite*, on the other hand, elicited some faint recognition, but not until I was several pages in. And this case rang a bell simply because of its astounding backstory. The tale begins in early 1999 when a mom, a daughter, and the daughter's friend went missing while vacationing in Yosemite. A decapitated naturalist was found shortly thereafter. A few days later, the FBI nabbed Cary Stayner, whose older brother Steven, it turns out, was abducted in 1972 at age 7 while walking home from school in Merced, Calif. You could almost hear the Court T.V. fanatics gasp. Steven re-surfaced in 1980, incredibly, after



Murder Incorporated, 1948, Fox Features Syndicate

eight years of grassroots brainwashing and a pinch of Stockholm Syndrome at the hands of an odd-jobbing transient named Ken. The older Stayner's problems readjusting to society and family and his eventual death in a motorcycle accident are chronicled in Mike Echols' mass-market *I Know My First Name Is Steven*. Little bro Cary's issues are examined in the latter part of *Murder at Yosemite*, as the meat of the book is devoted to the law enforcement bungling that postponed his even becoming a suspect. The saga has enough oddball money shots to make reading quick and painless. The slapped-together cover (which is cheaper in appearance than most mass-market true crime titles) features Cary Stayner's smirking face (complete with creepy, non-ironic mustache) hovering over the Yosemite wilds, and this subtitle: "The Stunning True Story Of A Horrific Handyman And The Brutal Murders Of Four Nature-Lovers." For a few months, the Stayner case seemed to be everywhere; its exposure was boosted by the ready availability of tawdry news via the internet—something far fewer people enjoyed back in 1997 when the Wilsons were murdered. But neither turned out to have any staying power in the ever-refreshed annals of true crime.

Though it came to an end only about a year ago, the case of Elizabeth Smart has been largely forgotten. My acquisition, *Held Captive: The Kidnapping and Rescue of Elizabeth Smart*, was published just three

months after Elizabeth surfaced, and four months before *Bringing Elizabeth Home: A Journey of Faith and Hope*, the dubiously opportunistic account "written" (with someone named Laura Morton) by her spotlight-gobbling parents. Your everyday under-the-overpass prophet, Brian David Mitchell, you will remember, nabbed Elizabeth out of her bedroom. Assisting the fisher king in his exploits was Wanda Eileen Barzee, who looks as if she could have been a Pablo Cruise groupie during better times. Gracing the cover of *Held Captive* is the infamous "Please Find Me" poster, with Elizabeth playing the harp, smiling, and exhibiting good pre-abduction mental and physical health. But then, turn to where you've already turned anyway, the monotony-breaking photo section (this one has eight pages), and find the post-"rescue" picture, the one that was all over the tube for at least a month; this picture shows Elizabeth looking, shall we say, healthier. As an elderly relative of mine remarked when talk of Elizabeth arose at dinner: "Is that the one that got fatter while she was missing?" Readability of *Held Captive* hinges on the absurdities of the incident, like Mitchell attending Salt Lake City loft parties with Elizabeth, now re-christened both "Augustine" and the harrowing "My Joy In Her", in tow. According to one party host, Mitchell "drank all of the free beer." Or take the trio squatting in a tiny apartment belonging to a generous Whole Foods cashier, whose efficiency was homage to Joy Division and other goth-lite tastes. I surmise that this situation further brainwashed Elizabeth—into thinking she was attending a twenty-four-hour Intro To Counterculture class. It's tough not to conclude that the whole case stank—Elizabeth denying that she was Elizabeth upon rescue, the stardom-hungry parents who acted far outside of Elizabeth's post-rescue interests, her quiet enslavement in the woods just outside of the Smart estate, her captors more or less advertising the addition of a veiled 15 year-old girl around town, etc. Naturally, *Held Captive* gingerly steps around these concerns to focus on investigative mistakes (e.g., media slaughter

of the innocent Richard Ricci) and profile the guilty parties. The account is written so poorly that a more engaging affair could have been penned by emptying a bag of squirrels onto a keyboard. It pains me to think that two people wrote *Held Captive*, and that these two people can go through life saying "I wrote a book." Elizabeth's case dominated cable news, as do most crimes against the white and wealthy (and helping this one along, *Mormon*). It quieted down for a few months when leads dried up, but news of Elizabeth's rescue—which conveniently took place right as the U.S. was invading Iraq—were omnipresent.

Surface research and scrutiny of any thrift shop bookrack would place an explosion of mass-market true crime around the late 1980s. This coincided with a number of crime fads of the day: the Satan Scare, the PMRC (Parents Music Resource Center—Tipper Gore's hilarious crusade against rock music), a boom in serial killers (and the media attention given to them) and endless tales of ritualistic child abuse. Early and massively popular mass-market true crime paperbacks like *The Search For The Green River Killer* (also by Yosemite's Carlton Smith) practically had their pages written for them.

I, for one, attended the same private Southern Baptist establishment for all of elementary and most of high school. I entered the seventh grade in 1985, and for the next four years (until, before the dawn of eleventh grade, I was politely asked to leave), my classmates and I were treated to weekly assemblies that couldn't have provided a better encapsulation of the era's hysterical relationship with evil. Richard "Nightstalker" Ramirez was a serial killer celebrity at the time, having slaughtered several California families after entering their unlocked homes around dinner time and claiming an AC/DC song as his inspiration. Courtroom stock footage of the dangerously handsome Ramirez (whose incarceration seemed to unleash a horde of letter-writing, soul-exposing female admirers) thrown together with Slayer's "Angel Of Death" was a good example of one Wednesday "dress-up day" presentation I had to endure. This did nothing but make early comedians out of the precociously cynical lot of us that were already using drugs anyway, and we weren't going to stop because some "former rock and rolling drug huffer" who'd blown half his face off with a pipe bomb and had since found Jesus was showing us a film illustrating the netherworld flirtations of everybody from Anton LeVay to Foghat. This mindset is alive and well in *Deadly Secrets*, *Laci*, and without a doubt, many other true crime titles.

Deadly Secrets is a piece of pre-Columbine sensationalism that reads as if it were compiled from a cross-section of 1980s anti-rock 'n' roll Religious Right texts. The murderers were "goth jock" David Anderson and his pliable sidekick, Alex Baranyi—a common and exploited dynamic with killer duos. Reang's assessments of the killers' recreational habits in the years leading up to the crime are laughably out-of-touch and will be infuriating to anyone incensed by a media that blames role playing games, video games and music for criminal behavior. Instead of pinning it on bad parenting or suggesting that either kid might have been a born sociopath, Reang spins these sidesplitting passages:

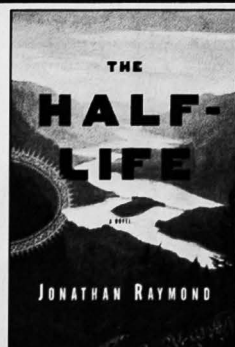
They worshiped heavy-metal rock stars like Marilyn Manson and studied the poetry of Edgar Allen Poe. They believed that the world was on the verge of an apocalypse, and so they lived as though they were already dead: sometimes wearing white powder on their faces, and often clad in all black get-ups ...

[Dungeons and Dragons] was a game the boys had become addicted to in their early teens, and they were good at it. Other times, they would sit in front of the computer for hours, mesmerized by the images, jerking and sliding across the computer screen, machinegun noises emanating from the speakers. And sometimes they acted out their fantasies in a live setting. They would come out at night when the streets emptied out and there was room to prowl. They would ride wide plains of darkness, zigzagging across town, through neighborhoods, and into abandoned parks. There they would don their capes and white makeup, pull out their fake swords, and stalk through the trees and bushes, searching for the enemy. Trained to kill.

Laci, meanwhile, recounts how Scott Peterson's defense gave life to a Satanic cult theory (in the middle of a gag order, no less) by drawing attention to "Satanic" artwork found on industrial litter like the wood planks and discarded concrete slabs that capped "the Bulb," a stretch of land that extends into the

turn to TRUE CRIME, page 16

"RAYMOND'S DEBUT NOVEL TEEMS WITH CAREFULLY RESEARCHED PERIOD DETAIL, INTRIGUE AND RAW EMOTION."—WASHINGTON POST



"A marvelous novel."—*Vanity Fair*

"Raymond's debut novel teems with carefully researched period detail, intrigue and raw emotion."—*Washington Post*

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"Jonathan Raymond is a marvel; *The Half-Life* is both extraordinarily beautiful and impossible to put down."—ANDREW SEAN GREER, author of *The Confessions of Max Tivoli*

"Raymond deftly melds past and present, the exotic and colloquial, the panoramic and the internal, to illuminate the inherent frailty of being human and our universal longing to connect."—TODD HAYNES, director, *Far from Heaven*

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Eulogy for the 19th Century

Between Two Wars & Two Cities, Joseph Roth Observed a Continent's Unraveling

WHAT I SAW

REPORTS FROM BERLIN, 1920-1933

By Joseph Roth
New York: W.W. Norton
2002

REPORT FROM A PARISIAN PARADISE

ESSAYS FROM FRANCE, 1925-1939

By Joseph Roth
New York: W.W. Norton
2003

THE RADETSKY MARCH

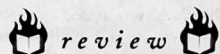
By Joseph Roth
New York: W.W. Norton
2002

JOB

By Joseph Roth
New York: The Overlook Press
2003

THE COLLECTED STORIES OF JOSEPH ROTH

By Joseph Roth
New York: W.W. Norton
2003



BY CHRISTINE SMALLWOOD

THE thirty-one years that span the assassination of Franz Ferdinand, Archduke and heir apparent to the Austro-Hungarian throne, and the suicide of Adolf Hitler, architect of the Final Solution, are a period of European history unparalleled in its systemic chaos. More recent episodes of violence, economic reorganization and ethnonational warfare have participated in what, through a reverse telescope, seems a move towards the homogenization of the Continent and a future in which, as the current expansion of the European Union indicates, even the nations of the former Yugoslavia will be recuperated before very long.

This earlier 20th century period of disorder, between 1914 and 1945, was characterized by its centrifugal force. Minor blocs of power consolidated into moral and political forces to balance the splintering of earlier alliances. As the 19th century finally surrendered to the 20th sometime around 1915, whole patterns of identity and geographic territories dissolved and changed shape. The scramble for order amidst rising consciousness of ethnic difference, the struggles of the working class, a complex of international alliances and the ongoing coalescence of capital made for, to put it mildly, a period of difficult transition.

When Franz Ferdinand was assassinated on June 28, 1914, Joseph Roth was 20 years old. He was working as a journalist in Vienna, dignified home of the Empire's seat at Schönbrunn, and Berlin, the city translator and poet Michael Hofmann has described as "some horrible adolescent [that] had yet to grow into its role." His two year stint in the Austrian rifle regiment was two years in the past and his marriage to Friederike Reichler two years away. The career of one of Eastern Europe's most formidable talents was still in the uterine phase.

Born Moses Joseph Roth in the far eastern town of Brody, within walking distance of the Russian border, the newspaperman and renowned author was still a long way from penning his most famous works in that early summer of 1914. But the critical shakedown that spun out from the Archduke's death—the collapse of the massive polyglot Austro-Hungarian Empire, World War I and the subsequent rise of German fascism—was like the first position of the game that all of his written work would be condemned to play out to the finish.

When he left home for the University of Vienna in 1913, Roth was a young citizen of a fragile empire whose only glue was a rhetoric of transcendental humanity, fending off the separatist rumblings of national minorities that would bring the aging glory to its knees. He lost his place as a citizen of that most conquered world, the one that stretched from Austria to Ukraine and Poland to Italy. What

he gained, in a wandering exile that led him from Vienna to Berlin to Paris, was his reputation as one of the 20th century's great novelists and one of its most memorable journalists. But at this moment in time, as his career as a newspaperman was taking off, he found his voice in a unique turn-of-the-century form—the feuilleton, a piece of correspondence whose investigative interests seem to know no bounds. Writing on architecture, city dwellers, bars, train rides, countryside, movie houses, political events and always himself, Roth preserved for today's reader a record of his own era and that of his parents, one *Frankfurter Zeitung* dispatch at a time.

Thanks to the efforts of Hofmann and a handful of publishers, Roth has been recently rescued from what was an early obscurity. His entire oeuvre has been republished, including two collections culled from his lifetime of foreign correspondence: *What I Saw: Reports from Berlin, 1920-1933* and *Report from a Parisian Paradise: Essays from France, 1925-1939*. There is still no biography of Roth available in English, but he is back on the radar screen of the literati, having taken his rightful place alongside Robert Musil, Franz Kafka, Thomas Mann and Walter Benjamin. Like them, his writing springs from a special crossroads of time and space: the capitals of Europe at the changing of the guard of the 19th and 20th centuries.

"The façades of these modern times are unsettling me," he wrote in 1929, frustrated that his learned efforts to identify classical temples as opera houses and decrepit churches as railway stations were being thwarted by innovations in design and architecture. Expecting the train station to look like a cinema, he finds the "poor taste" of his fathers replaced with the "strenuously bracing conditions" of his own time.

We find in these words not the embitterment of an aging alcoholic or the laments of a Wandering Jew, but Roth's specialty: a particular kind of schadenfreude, the German word for that black humor that takes pleasure in the misfortunes of others, or in Roth's case, of one's self. While some of his critics see this as an embittered, malicious satisfaction, I prefer to view Roth's sensibility as a kind of life preserver that revives his eternal fatigue. His sentences scream this sharp, dry, hollow critique. He has an absolute genius for punch lines.

In 1923, ten years before the Nazis held Germany hostage, Roth put the name of Adolf Hitler into fiction for the first time. This prescience is his hallmark, and in his imaginative writing, the curse of mediocrity is none other than the lack of foresight. His protagonists read the signs but do not understand them, or are not compelled by them. In his masterful short story "Stationmaster Fallmerayer," the middle-aged Fallmerayer falls helplessly in love with a Russian countess injured in a wreck at his depot and nursed to health by his wife. Sent to the front as an ensign in World War I, he teaches himself Russian. He is sent to fight near Kiev. He finds the woman. Instead of

returning home to Austria, First Lieutenant Fallmerayer stays with his lover. She becomes pregnant. Then they receive word that her husband, the Count, has survived "the dual perils of war and the Bolsheviks." He returns in a wheelchair. The Countess puts him to bed, and Fallmerayer leaves; we are left with the fact that "nothing has ever been heard of him since."

Early in the story, when the stationmaster is occupied by the dizzying possibility that the war could last forever, allowing him to remain always with the Countess, Roth remarks, "Fallmerayer had fallen prey to exuberance, as



Joseph Roth, 1930s

happens ... But of course, quite heedless of him, the great and inscrutable wheel of the world was rolling on. The Revolution came. Fallmerayer, the amorous first lieutenant, hadn't seen 'it coming.' It is this inevitable catastrophe and the inevitable failure to see it that casts the lives of individuals out of sync with the lives of nations, inscribing the tragedies of the personal—which in Roth's world are always only minor distortions of a greater historical decline.

Roth's fascination with the recent past, with his father's generation, derived from the way in which World War II had made that era radically inaccessible to him and his peers. It would be difficult to overstate and impossible to truly understand the absolute disruption of Roth's domain ushered in by the collapse of empire and then the Nazi Reich. The way we understand cultural difference today would have been unthinkable for this man whose "highest form of human evolution" was "the wonderful mixing of races, the colorful confusion of all the different essences of life." Two points, however, beg inclusion here: as Hofmann points out, Roth was of a generation whose first experiences abroad were as members of an invading army. Furthermore, one of the reasons the monarchy fell was that it could not sustain the strains of Pan-Slavism that pushed up from the southeast—in other words, the Pan-European umbrella could not accommodate the expansion of Pan-Slavism, which itself would collapse under competing interests and Soviet manipulations in the years to follow.

For Roth, the transient, it always comes back to this: "A person may remain as different as he is and feel at home." Roth's father, Nachum, left the family before Joseph was born. In the wake of a psychotic episode, supposedly cured at the hands of a "wonder healer," he moved to Poland and was not seen again. Reared in Orthodox Jewish schools, he remained profoundly at odds with German, his language from childhood and education, for his entire life. He lost his first homeland to a geographic

organization of national identity, and his second to the monster of racial purity. His home was not a where, but a when.



I walk right and left, forward and back. I hear people speaking, and I see their movements, and everything is remote from me, as though separated by a wall of glass. A child laughs, but it's not the laughter of a child of my time. I am able to feel at home in other countries, but not in other times. Our true home is the present. This century is our fatherland. Our fellow citizens and our compatriots are our contemporaries.

From *Tourism*, undated

In "Twenty Minutes From Before the War," which discusses the prewar newsreels being shown in Parisian film houses, he writes, "In a Parisian cinema they are showing old newsreel footage—indefinitely past, because sundered from us by the war...an epoch so deceitful that it didn't even experience the truth of its own demise. It was already dead by the time it died. Its children were living ghosts." And this is an inexhaustible source of humor, as "We sit in front of the whole deceitful misery of our fathers, who appear to have invented the cinema purely to show us themselves in their full absurdity, and we laugh, we laugh...that deceitful eve of the war is something that makes us laugh our heads off every evening, for twenty minutes, and no longer."

Roth's writing does not make sense—that is, you do not close the book content that you have learned something, that now you can explain something, that you are closer to understanding something. It does not add up to anything. One moment of clarity—with the world seen in total alignment—follows fast upon the next. Following this "for twenty minutes, and no longer" is the silence of an instinctual yield to Roth's implicit meaning, although one would be hard pressed to spell out what that meaning is. At the end of the day, Roth is more than a showman and less than a prophet. He is a gifted writer, a great feeler, and a limited thinker. Careful scrutiny threatens to unravel his most powerful moments.

It is by disrupting the seamless system of the world from within, by including the potential for ruin within the primary equation, that Roth creates these moments of beautiful catastrophe. His writing builds and rebuilds, cuts down, and rebuilds again. Sentences, paragraphs, whole pages and chapters swell and break. He is always starting over, but with a new memory. His work literally cannot culminate. In his dispatches from Berlin and Paris, however, the entire cycle of rebuilding is missing. At the end of the two pages, six pages, the occasional ten pages, the floor drops out and the joke is on you.

If the present is our true home, it is truly our ever renewing home. Of the buildings in Avignon, a town in the French countryside, Roth writes, "Their stone is white and as endlessly tragic as anything infinite." Are we left to conclude that the string of present moments that constitutes the passage of time, the inevitable and endless renewal of the moments to which we belong, is the cause of endless tragedy, is tragic itself? Perhaps with this in mind, we can understand how he remarks in the late stages of alcoholism that "terror flutters up, and it doesn't even frighten me anymore."

The tension in his work between willful naïveté and a sad, exhausted wisdom is perhaps most obvious in his treatment of time. *The Radetzky March*, whose three generations of soldiers echo the life of Emperor Franz Joseph and indeed, the empire itself, exemplifies the demented logic of necessity, the "this is so" that dictates the workings of nearly all of his imaginative worlds. The novel opens with one Lieutenant Trotta springing forth to save the life of the 18-year-old Kaiser, who has made himself a target at the Battle of Solferino by raising a fieldglass to his eye. Trotta, the Hero of Solferino, whose sense of honor is so violated by the myth made of his derring-do in the state's curriculum that he arranges for the story to be expunged from the history books, bears a son who, after a military career, ascends through the ranks of the Austrian bureaucracy. That son's son is a mediocre soldier whose passionless life in the shadow of his grandfather's legacy occupies the bulk of the book. A terrible horseman who abandons the cavalry, sent to the infantry in the easternmost regions of the

turn to ROTH, page 17

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WEDNESDAY JUNE 16, 7 P.M.—David Wallis, author of *Killed: True Stories You Were Never Meant to Read*. Wallis resurrects articles that national magazines like *The New Yorker* and *Rolling Stone* assigned to accomplished writers, then discarded due to unwanted controversy, political incorrectness, or pressure from an advertiser.

SUNDAY JUNE 20, 2 P.M.—Diane A. Sears, author of *In Search of Fatherhood*. Fathers are beginning to realize that a magic formula for raising children simply does not exist.

WEDNESDAY JUNE 23, 7 P.M.—Robert Meeropol, author of *An Execution in the Family: One Son's Journey*. The son of Julius and Ethel Rosenberg recounts his parents' execution, the terrors of his childhood, the kindness of his adoptive parents and his own political activism.

THURSDAY JULY 1, 7 P.M.—MoveOn.org's *50 Ways to Love Your Country: How to Find Your Political Voice and Become a Catalyst for Change*. This clear and compelling how-to guide helps Americans answer the question "What can I do?"

TUESDAY JULY 13, 7 P.M.—Dale Maharidge, author of *Homeland*. The Pulitzer Prize-winning author's most ambitious work yet takes on contemporary American society and the roots of discontent that defy political affiliation.

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TITLE: "Always seek the Truth. Devote your life to Truth."
AUTHOR: Dash Shaw
DATE: 5-9-03

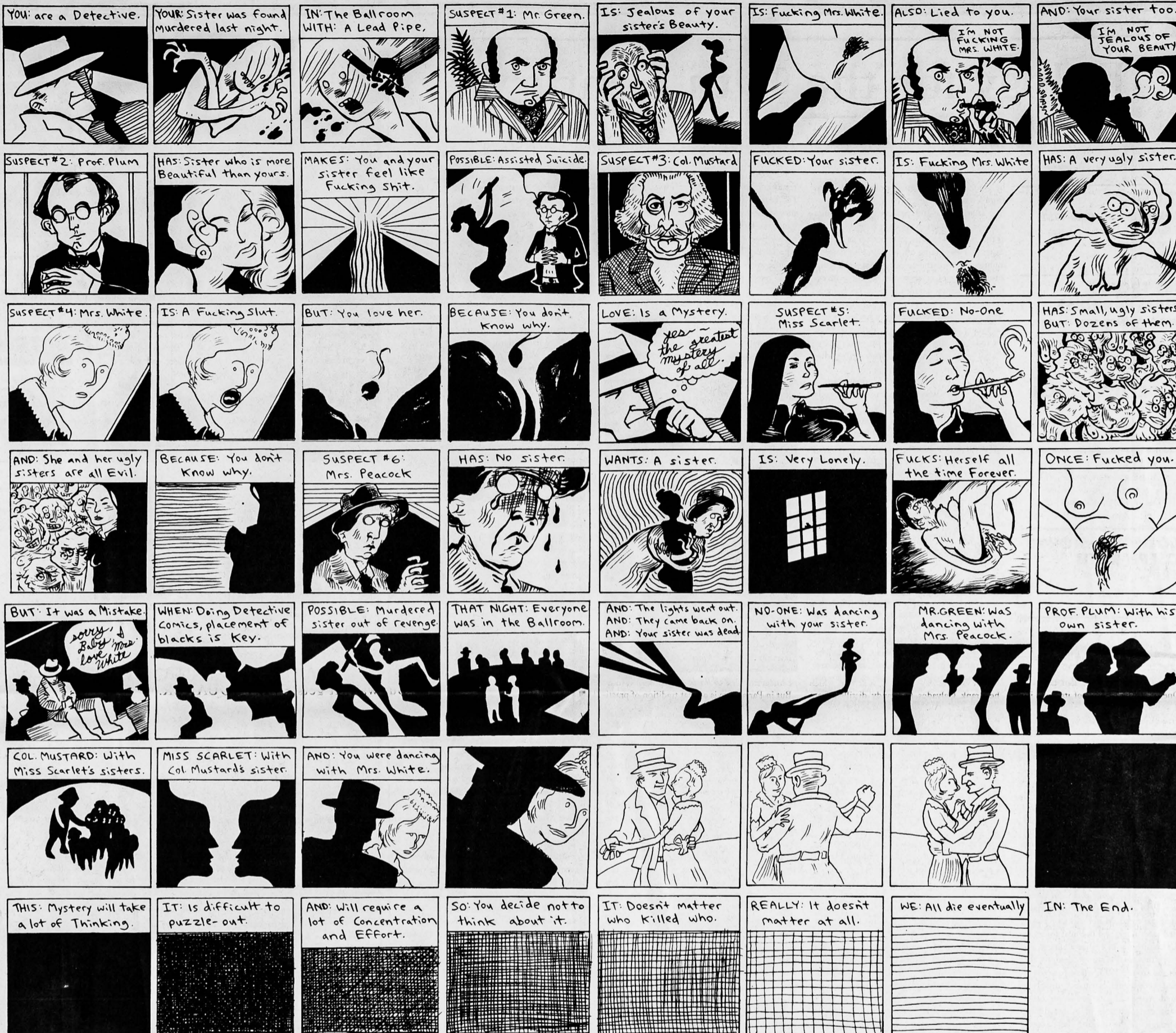
OPENING QUOTES:

REPORTER: "Do you think your controversial new video will hurt your record sales or turn off fans?"

MADONNA: "No."

REPORTER: "Why?"

MADONNA: "Because I speak the Truth."



Dash Shaw lives in New York City. His work can be viewed online at www.dashshaw.com.

Satan Loved the 1980s

from TRUE CRIME page 14
San Francisco Bay. This was linked to a "mysterious van" theory and "sightings of a man with a '666' tattooed on his arm seen in the area around the time of Laci's disappearance." Fleeman even makes an effort to summarize America's fizzled romance with satanic cults:

The country hadn't gotten a good Satanic scare since the late 1980s with the Nightstalker case of Richard Ramirez, who treated a courtroom audience to a 'Hail, Satan!' In the years between the Manson Family slayings and Ramirez, it seemed the country's criminal element was deep into black magic. Police departments had special occult units. Talk shows were full of lurid tales of Satan worshippers. Daycare workers facing charges of abusing children fell under suspicion of satanic motivations.

But the fears flamed out after Ramirez, the panic doused by the cold realities in study after study that found no evidence of widespread satanic cult crimes. By the early years of the new millennium, evil had a new face. And when the World Trade Center collapsed, it was international terrorism,

not homegrown devil worship that preoccupied the country. But early in the Peterson case, black was back.

I suspect that once a writer has a moderately successful mass-market title under his or her belt, they are doomed to the genre. Prior to *Laci*, Fleeman wrote *If I Die...* (inheritance murder) and *The Stranger in My Bed* (husband with a wake of dead spouses). The books make money, rarely enter the world in hardback form, and are relatively easy to write. But Carlton Smith's one-hander shows an interesting facet when it comes to style, one that is presumably more prevalent than we would imagine. The seemingly ubiquitous prejudice is that these books ordinarily boast an easy-to-consume seventh-grade reading level, but because of the genre's incredulous reputation amongst "real" readers, many authors overcompensate with busy writing and pretentious word choice. Take this mouthful, crafted by Smith: "The problem for investigators was to winnow the grains of reality from the dry stalks of inspired imagination." Attention! Real writer in the room! Though some authors clearly employ the thesaurus with more vigor than others, the books are formulaically composed. Remove the crime, and they are interchangeable. Early chapters, for example, are consistently chockablock with

James A. Michener filler—the far-reaching history of the site of the crime, delivered in the tone of a glorified tourist brochure. "Seattle, named after the Native American Chief Seattle whose tribe settled the shores of Puget Sound long before whites arrived..." So goes a line from *Deadly Secrets*.

The pop-cultural force that subsists on grim and sensational bubblegum can perhaps count mass-market true crime as a prescient medium; the genre's blossoming in the mid-1980s immediately predated the explosion of trash talk shows, which themselves begat reality television. It is a handheld transmitter of a bigger (and older) interest, and many cable networks, most notably Court TV, have found ways to brilliantly package this material into half-hour documentaries, thus saving your weary eyes and tired hands the trouble of scanning text and turning pages.

True crime in its mass-market paperback variety has a long lineage: True crime pulps, men's adventure pulps, and more recent grocery store "true" mags like the higher profile *True Detective Magazine* all feed the same need for assembly line true crime raw material. Credible, novel-form true crime, for that matter, has surfaced intermittently over the past four decades. It commences, of course, with Truman Capote's *In Cold Blood*. From there, some notables that pop out are Joseph Wambaugh's non-fiction (*The Onion Field*, *Echoes in the Darkness*), Norman Mailer's *The Executioner's Song*, Mark Bowden's resume, and

Emmanuelle Carrere's *The Adversary*. I leave out many worthy examples of the high-class stuff here, but my own four-book foray into mass-market land is itself a minuscule sampling amid conceivably tens of thousands of similar titles. These books infest their allotted section—one of the bookstore ghettos that, along with Sci-Fi, Mystery, and Horror, endures a lot of turned-up noses. There are instances, as with *Laci* and *Murder At Yosemite*, when the paperback version of events is fatted out before the relevant case is solved or before the evil focal point even sees his or her day in court. Disposable sensationalism at its worst—or most amusing/engrossing, depending on your take—mass-market true crime is in the same league with drug store soft-boiled noir fiction and novels based on blockbuster films, but feeds a hunger for phoned-in true tales of grim deeds. The books unquestionably quench some atavistic need to mingle with fear while not actually experiencing it, but they provide a more cumbersome and time-consuming delivery of the horrors that the internet (no shortage of true crime nastiness here) and basic cable have repackaged into tasty, bite-sized morsels. Given the clear trendlines of the declining American attention span, it may only be a matter of time before the very genre is phased out entirely, but I can't, and won't, sit here and pretend that would be tragic.

Andrew Earles' writing has appeared in *Magnet*, *Sound Collector*, and *Chunklet Magazine*. He lives in Memphis, Tennessee

from STAR page 5

competitive. One publisher rules the roost in 1,417 of the 1,485 cities where daily newspapers are published.

Knight Ridder has ruled Philadelphia's roost since 1982, when the *Philadelphia Evening Bulletin*, the newspaper that had bought out Stern's *Record*, folded. Today, the addition of seven small free neighborhood weeklies isn't likely to warrant a footnote on the Knight Ridder annual report. The conglomerate, which owns thirty-one daily newspapers including the *Charlotte Observer* and the *Miami Herald*, purchased the *Inquirer* and the *Daily News* twelve years earlier. It is now the second largest newspaper conglomerate after Gannett Co., which owns *USA Today* and more than a hundred other daily newspapers.

"Today's monopoly newspaper... serves a smooth mixture of many comic strips and syndicated features, with a minimum of wire stories and innocuous local news, as regularly and impersonally as other local monopolies supply gas."

This blandness, the elder Stern continued, is the "saddest catastrophe."

Who is to blame for this sad state of affairs? Lack of adequate governmental regulation, for one. He even assailed the first term of his good friend FDR for this. But market forces also play a role.

When he started his career, Stern wrote, "the man of the house chose his newspaper because of its editorials and news. But as

advertising developed bulk and attractiveness it became the dominant circulation factor. Women want the most complete catalogue of bargains and latest fashions. Realizing this, merchants tend to concentrate news of their stores in one newspaper."

In Fishtown and Port Richmond, that newspaper was the *Star* chain—which is one of the reasons Knight Ridder decided to spend an estimated \$1.5 million to buy it. "In this case it just made sense to acquire as opposed to expand," said Ed McCartney, who negotiated the deal for Knight Ridder subsidiary Broad Street Community Newspapers. Also, "the fact that it is kind of contiguous geographically has made a lot of sense," McCartney explained, referring to an industry trend that involves buying up many small publications in a geographic region that is called "clustering."

Jonathan Stern ended his tenure at the helm of the *Star* in a conference room at the newspaper's headquarters at 250 W. Girard Avenue. He called the staff together and told them their offices would be moving to Treviso, a half-hour's drive outside the city, where the *Northeast Times* and Knight Ridder's other Philadelphia community newspapers are located. He then left the building.

Readers "hunger for bold, forceful newspapers," J. David Stern wrote on the last page, 315, of his book. "I am confident their hunger will be satisfied before it is too late."

His son may have proved him wrong.

The Original Roth

from ROTH page 15

unraveling Empire, this Trotta's slow, will-less death festers as history carries him through his own life. At last, while fetching water for his men in an early, unimportant battle of the first World War, he is killed by a bullet in the head.

Roth's lifelong romance with the military and monarchy is the subtext of *The Radetzky March*. Like an adolescent lover, he flips between glorying in the details of the Trottas' uniforms, their buttons and boots and guns, and caricaturing the monstrosity of the machine that does not have to take the Trottas' lives, because it has owned them from birth. As the writer cycles through the three generations, the entire novel threatens to close in on itself, but continually snaps back open. Time is at once a march and an elastic band. Roth follows what should be one hell of a finale:

What did old Herr von Trotta care about the hundred thousand new corpses that had meanwhile followed his son? What did he care about the hasty and confused directives that came from his superiors week after week? And what did he care about the end of the world, which he now saw coming more clearly than the prophetic Chojnicki had once seen it? His son was dead. His office was terminated. His world had ended.

with this:

Our sole remaining task is to describe the district captain's final days. They slipped by virtually like one day. Time flowed past him, a broad, even river, murmuring monotonously.... His days did not seem to be hurrying toward the grave like the days of all other people. Petrified like his own gravestone, the district captain stood on the brink of days. Never had Herr van Trotta so closely resembled Kaiser Franz Joseph.

Somehow, the elasticity is part of the scheme of the inevitable. The Kaiser, the nation, the Empire and the Trotta line fall together, spooning through the century. The moments of opening and expanse are built into this tireless, occasionally roundabout, never escapable maneuver from one bank to the next. *The Radetzky March* manages this task with grace. One of the best novels of its time, it is powered with such desperate excitement and such a dreadful sense of triumph that a reader is left, at times, literally breathless.

Looking at the rather less successful *Job*, Roth's morality play of a novel about the struggles and redemption of a poor Russian Jewish family, headed by Mendel and Deborah Singer, illuminates what makes Roth's best work so brilliant. *Job*—said to be Marlene Dietrich's favorite novel, incidentally—is a fairy tale in which the cripple is healed, the son dies fighting for his adopted American home, and faith in God is restored.

The tale travels from Russia, where the daughter shames her parents by making love to Cossacks in hayfields, to America, where the family joins one son after collectively choosing to abandon another, mute and lame, with neighbors. The American Consumption v. Old World Culture dichotomy at play in much of Roth's oeuvre is here directly addressed with lines like, "[In America] dancing was hygienic, rollerskating a duty, charity was an investment, anarchism a crime...."

In the majority of Roth's fiction, there is a plethora of causes to justify any consequence, and the wires that spin backwards and forwards from each instance in time prepare each action. These limitations, far from constrictive, open and create the conditions for richness and depth. But because there is no good reason for anything to happen as it does in *Job*, Roth turns to the fabular to justify the miracles of the narrative; they seem less miraculous than infuriating. It is not the author's own theories or investments that dictate the action, but the demands of a narrative convention that has

aged poorly. The conclusion, which opts to leave the daughter's fate undecided, but permits Mendel to "[rest] from the burden of his happiness and the greatness of the miracle" is romantic and vulgar; in the absence of motivation for Mendel's impossible reversal of fortune, one feels that Roth fails to tie up the ends he unravels. Opting to sweep the messiness under the rug and push the bookcase of the miraculous over top, the reader stands in the absence of irony, cheated. This kind of writing has more in common with the "death-dealing fatherland" of an America where "men would fly like birds, swim like fishes" than the hard knocks and history of Europe.

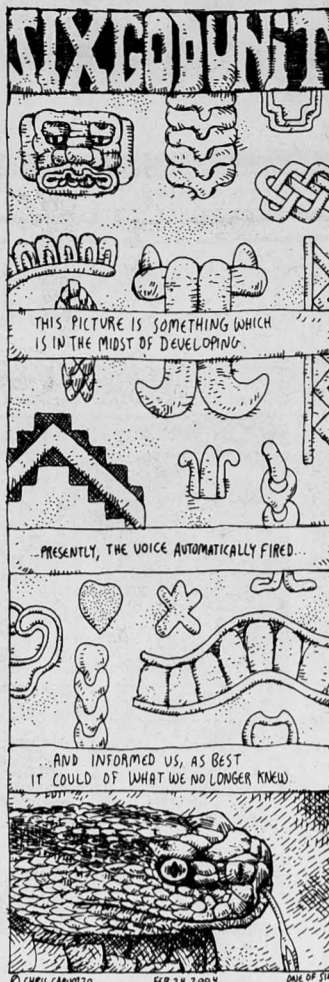
In the newspaper reports collected in *What I Saw and Report from a Parisian Paradise*, the echoes of fate and the prewar ideal are balanced with realism and careful observation. Roth cannot go wrong. The heavy "this is so" of the fall of nations and the healing of families is replaced with the hilarity of a "this is so" that details endless construction projects, the knowing wink slices the "foreigners who have come [to Paris] to live off the foreigners who are already here," and the weighty sadness of German exchange students bearing witness to humanity in France before the occupation. The specificity of each instance of correspondence grants it a meaning that the fairy-tale *Job* or the semi-autobiographical "Sick People," an account in which a man is sent to an asylum, where he "finally [finds] the place where he belongs," cannot achieve. By anchoring himself to the metropolitan, Roth comes into a kind of clarity as a writer and thinker of his age.

Only the form of the feuilleton could capture the full range of loss, humor, apathy, misery and brilliance of the steam baths at night or the strange re-release of pre-war film footage. What is this kind of writing? It is not "news," it is not "opinion," it is hardly an "essay"—and yet we know it well. It is keen observation mixed with an almost rabid interest in all forms of human activity that is intimidating in its attention to detail and fearless in its judgment. In these correspondences, Roth never flinches or hesitates. He wrings out the "naked beauties who are neither naked nor beautiful" as easily as he condemns Western Europeans for their paralysis in the face of Nazi showmanship, and with as little pity as he declares, simply, "There you are, so remote from your childhood, and yet you meet it again. That's how small the world is."

Of his Parisian Paradise, a dive in which he drank Calvados (a brandy distilled from apple juice) and watched the dancers, he writes, "The feeling of being at once secure and lost is enough to keep me here forever." If it were possible to stop moving all together, Roth would have done so. He would have tread the water of the present until he drowned, serene at the triumph of his miserable expectation. As it was, he sat, day after day, watching the workers tear down the hotel where he made his home for sixteen years and joking about the wallpaper. "Unimaginable things happen," he notes, "and the hand remains calm and doesn't clutch at the head." This crash, in which we hear a bird-flipping Rimbaud bemoan that "The only unbearable thing is that nothing is unbearable," is a quiet placing of the head on the guillotine of time. It is another way of describing the sensation of two lungs filling with water.

In a 1922 report on Berlin's first skyscraper, he notes: "When the steam locomotive was first invented, the poets moaned about the defilement of nature; the imagination predicted terrifying dystopias: whole tracts of the world devoid of grass and trees, rivers dried up, plants withered, butterflies poisoned. They didn't understand that every new development constitutes a mysterious circle, in which the beginning and end touch and become identical." It is not that Roth feared the future; his depression—which culminated in drinking bouts that lasted all day—was not driven by a desire to return to the past. It is simply that he preferred the present, the point at which the beginning and end touch and become identical, the point at which the ending turns in on itself and falls off into space, as his own prose so gracefully fulfills its purpose.

His subject matter, like Kafka's and Musil's, is typical of his age: an investigation of the offices and businesses of government; the mentality of the petty bureaucrat; a personal life embedded in social and civil institutions; alienation, wandering, arrival, exile, return. And his talent for making the familiar strange, for making home an exile and an exile home, resonate with fellow Austrian refugee Freud. But he is importantly different, and the differences are most acute in the journalism. Unlike Musil, who takes such pleasure in constructing and destroying individual archetypes, Roth's passion and his critique are in the artifacts of space, construction, landmarks, and cities. A less mystical Benjamin, he is never a critic of people. His types are always sympathetic, even when they are in the wrong. His reports from Berlin and Paris are full of



workers, petty bourgeois, aristocrats, street-walkers, Jews, the homeless, the beleaguered, foreigners, Americans, Nazis, policemen. But for all his distaste and abuse of Americans and their special brand of consumerism (the antithesis of the high culture of Europe), he only really despises the Germans.

Roth's cities cohere into three temporal geographies: "Paris," he writes, "is a real metropolis. Vienna used to be one. Berlin will one day become one. A real metropolis is objective ... There's no fun in Berlin. But fun rules in Paris ... Paris is objective, though objectivity may be a German virtue. Paris is democratic. The German perhaps has warmth. But in Paris there is a great tradition of practical humanity. Paris is where the Eastern Jew begins to become a Western European. He becomes French. He may even come to be a French patriot." It seems that the "fun" Roth is seeking is not so much the wild decadence of the Weimar Republic, the chaos of seventeen governments in fifteen years that danced on "the knickknacks of German history." What Roth is seeking is to fold himself in the cloak of Europe, to return home to the safety of an Empire. In the novel *Flight Without End*, he notes that Berlin "exists outside Germany, outside Europe. It is its own capital."

So why is so much of *Report from a Parisian Paradise*, the diary of the true city, taken up with writings on the country and small towns? Why is so much of it devoted to gushing over old stones, days where time is stopped altogether? It must be that in the expansiveness of days without time, without the grinding wheels of inevitability compelling him forward, marching him on to his alcoholic death, Roth becomes a Western European, even a French patriot. It is not sustainable, of course. There are no happy endings, only satisfying ones.

He did not accept invitations to escape to the United States, but preferred to go down with the sinking ship of his European ideal. In 1926, when the *Frankfurter Zeitung* chose to give the job of Parisian correspondent to a Nationalist, Friedrich Sieburg, a devastated Roth remained in Paris nonetheless. He turned up the heat on his already vicious critiques of Germany, gathering his world closer to him even as he wandered away. In 1933 he broke all ties with that country and wrote for small German language publications, some French, some Dutch. Six years later, at the age of 44, he died of pneumonia and a nasty case of delirium tremens. The opening to life and the promise of the endless present, the identical beginning and end that Paris once held, had given way to the destruction of his hotel, the world's indifference to German fascism, and the knowledge that his own anguish was eclipsed by the newer pains of newer waves of refugees.

But nothing is to be done, because nothing can ever be done. Of Berlin's 1925 six-day bicycle race, an event in which "the great excitement holds thousands of little excitements," Roth concludes:

"Dawn is about to break. No inkling of the new day will be seen in here. Here the icy sins of the underworld continue to shine, the wheels will turn, the drunks will sober up, the sleepers awaken... Outside the drivers are asleep. A part of the rain of money that's pouring down within will drip onto them as well. They've been waiting for it. One lot lives off the other. That's the way it goes."

Christine Smallwood is Staff Writer at THE INDEPENDENT.

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TO THIS NEWSPAPER BY MAIL.

You may recall that this publication began its short life as an odd little booklet of flimsy, oversized pages, a booklet so curious about its own geographic surroundings that it boasted, flamboyantly and unreasonably, that it was, in fact, a fully-grown newspaper. Like a small puppy strutting around town in a lion's pelt, this led to some absurd scenes. Speeches were made from the tops of milk crates to stunned commuters on train platforms. Quarters were collected in cigar boxes, until the authorities intervened. Steel newsboxes were driven about in small minivans and chained to poles by the soft hands of children. In the darkest hours, tobacco and even black coffee were prepared and consumed. Then it arrived, our very own newsprint baby, kicking and screaming. The first issue showed some promise, but was highly amateurish in its composition and presentation; ten uneven pages riddled with typographical errors and wet with the lather of adolescent manifestos. We promised that we would swallow the city whole, "to capture the doings and dreams of an entire city." We promised to make THE PHILADELPHIA INDEPENDENT into our city's last great newspaper. The fever that we felt then still consumes us now. We remain committed to keeping all of these promises.

But what has changed is the price of raw newsprint (it has increased), our page count (it has more than doubled), our taste for simple luxuries (a heated office and a minimum wage among them), and our ambitions (a budget for giving fair compensation to our contributors). These have all in turn increased the audacity of our demands on you, the public. We now believe this newspaper to be worth an entire dollar. However, we do not want you to interpret this as the usual ultimatum implied by a price. You have already given us that thing we wanted most in the first place—a loyal readership. Give us but another five dollars, and watch as our next six issues make this one look as infantile as our very first effort must look to you now.

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JOEL HOLLAND



MY NEW BASEBALL GLOVE LOOKS LIKE A
SOFTBALL GLOVE.

THE AFFECTED PROVINCIAL'S ALMANACK

by LORD WHIMSY

WHERE THE FAITHFUL GET THEIR "FOPWAS"

★ DANDYISM IN THE NEXT MILLENNIUM ★

Or: A Speculative Flight of Fancy Regarding The Course of Human Events in the Coming Centuries as it Applies to the Dandy of Tomorrow.

IT IS A WELL-KNOWN FACT THAT many of my acolytes accompany me as I saunter about town in the hopes that I, Whimsy, might provide illumination to a question or concern of theirs. This should come as no surprise, as I am a member of a dwindling race of creatures whose office, pulpit and classroom are the sidewalks and streets of this fair city. One question posed by one of these eager, wispy lads that has intrigued me for some time is, "What might become of the DANDY in the ages to come? Since the DANDY in our own time is a rare beast, surely their numbers will continue to dwindle until they are vanished relics of a time gone by, a mere footnote in history?" After meditating upon this question, I am inclined to say, "Poppycock!", followed by a resounding "Balderdash!"

In response to this winsome man-child's query, I hereby propose one of many possible scenarios that might bring about a resurgence of DANDYISM in the coming ages: information technology will continue to replace the old industrial order, thus freeing a large portion of the populace from dreary, hyper-functional workwear. The need for detail in personal dress

(pockets, straps, etc.) will increase because of all the strange little personal devices that shall become ubiquitous on our persons. Much in the same way that early, crude watches, snuff boxes and other personal effects became increasingly ornate and refined over the centuries, so too will the descendants of today's pagers and cell phones. I would go so far as to suggest that there may come a time when we have become so advanced that we no longer require "advanced" materials to construct our technologies, as we will have transcended them. Why, I can imagine a time when a space vessel might be made of hand-crafted wood, metal, stone or even be a *living organism*. Imagine a genetically engineered, sentient suit—the joy!

The continuing increase in the human population and its concomitant needs will spur space travel and interplanetary commerce into the black frontier we now call Sky, which shall be doubtlessly rife with both opportunity and risk—conditions akin to the ages of exploration in centuries past. At this point, one might then see a reappearance of a fast-living, swaggering breed of man that can wear a cape without fear of reproach; the very sort of man

that would be found strutting upon the sands of faraway worlds.

Why, just think what a zero-gravity, star-studded environment might do to the fashions of tomorrow: oh, the outlandish array of collars and boots, not to mention hats! The uniformity in dress—and everything else—we see today will cease as the almost unimaginably vast distances between the worlds and colonies of the Human Diaspora will give rise to new differences in cultures, languages, dress and even genomes. In other words, the aliens will likely be us.

It is likely that the average human life expectancy will drop if such a future takes place, as the countless hazards of space (cosmic radiation, enemy armadas, lusty green women) will cut many down in their glorious prime, as Nature has always intended; and the children of this Stellar Age will live their lives accordingly, dressing like peacocks and behaving like snakes in a fire. It will be a chaotic, glorious age of discovery and adventure, the likes of which the human race has never seen, and the best part is that, given the infinity of space, it could go on *forever*.

Each age has a kind of environment, and can be defined by the kind of personalities that thrive in it: today's "loose canon" misfit, whose ilk once presided over intrepid explorations of yore, will again be called upon and will become tomorrow's starfaring admiral aboard a gilded star galleon; and today's middling yet successful "team player" will become tomorrow's janitor, cleaning out malfunctioning airlocks on asteroid mining outposts. In a time such as I describe here, men of a rare, vibrant stripe will be needed to lead us into the heavens, and those who seem to set the dreary pace of our present day will at last assume their rightful place: in the rear, and out of the way.

If Divine Providence grants us safe passage through the perilous straits of nuclear conflict, disease and environmental catastrophe whilst we continue to be marooned on this Earth, then the future I've described may very well be the age in which our descendants might revel. So rejoice—for the gray, timid cubicle rat-man of today will beget the blazing, off-world Hotspur of tomorrow. In the words of the ever-prescient Dirtbombs: "It's a big galaxy/ and we got things to do!"

QUESTION: WHY IS TOMORROW'S DANDY SO APPEALING TO TODAY'S YOUTH? ANSWER: SPACE AGE ACCESSORIES



(FIG.1.)

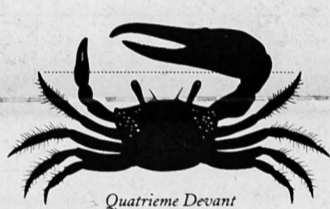
The lack of moving parts in future technologies shall liberate us from the more tiresome constraints to which modern fashions are now subject. Art and Science shall be brought into harmony, and the two halves of the Human Soul shall hold hands once more: a.) Communications chapeau with holographic interface and velvet skullcap with embroidered chinstrap; b.) ultraviolet and infrared enhanced nebula viewing glasses (the pictured man is a connoisseur of such cosmic phenomena); c.) data systems collar array; d.) life systems monitor and laudanum drip with monogram seal; e.) Turkish sash; f.) life regeneration clasps (broke leg during a raid on a Zyranthian outpost); g.) custom knee braces, a must-have for those high-gravity evasion maneuvers; h.) the latest in spat, gloriously frayed in stripes; i.) "teardrop heels" are all the rage, you know; j.) cane from extinct mahogany; k.) the most delicious stripe down the trousers; l.) just mad for the new splitcuffs, aren't you?

THE CHARM OF AQUARIUMS

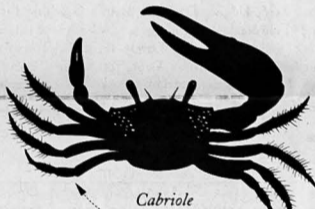
Or: PROMETHEUS CLAW'D: A Future Leading Light of the Aquatic Stage Gives a Flawless Debut Performance.



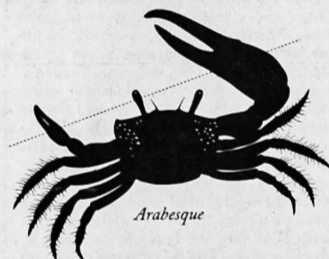
Grande Batterment



Quatrieme Devant



Cabriole



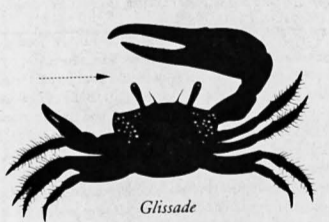
Arabesque



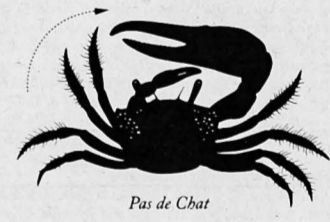
Croise Derriere



Port de Bras



Glissade



Pas de Chat



Grand Jete

When it comes to matters of natural history, my beloved Lady Pinkwater is an enthusiast of the first water. Being something of a *flâneuse*, she often finds living curiosities in the convoluted course of her travels. Recently, my sweet Lady minced home from one of her jaunts, carrying in her porcelain hand a new addition to our aquatic *wunderkammer*: a small fiddler crab, the kind seen in great numbers on estuarine embankments and other such muddy tenements that line the back bays of Eastern North America.

I was immediately intrigued by this nimble child of the tides: his pin-like eyestalks and freckled, acorn shell glistened in a sonnet of rich, golden browns. His most striking characteristic lied in the abrupt, mechanized manner in which he waved his single, oversized claw, much like a miniature automaton performing semaphore (the neighborhood children call it "flashing his gang signs" or "representing", which I have been told is a laudable thing). Indeed, I fancy that if one opened his chitinous carapace, one might find a whirling, silver array of tiny gears!

All frivolous thoughts aside, I must confess that I felt an indefinable sense of promise lurking within those beady little eyes. I thought to myself: what wonders reside in this little fellow? Might there even be (*gasp*)...greatness?

In the center of our aquarium lies a large (and somewhat convincing) ceramic facsimile

of a mangrove stump, the flattened top of which peeks ever so slightly above the water's surface, providing our little crustacean friend (now dubbed Gerard) with a dry place upon which he may sift through his fish granules in relative peace, undisturbed by his fellow cohabitants, whose provincial ways clearly wear upon his patience.

It was nearly a fortnight after acquiring Gerard when we found ourselves in the mood for an evening of dinner theatre (I must confess that I also wished to see if my suspicions with regards to Gerard might be confirmed). After we had finished our meal, we then promptly poured drinks and collected before the aquarium. After turning off the lights, we then removed the array on top of the aquarium so as to expose an unsuspecting Gerard, who was perched upon the Olympian heights of Mt. Gerard (we rightfully named his perch after him, since Gerard is indeed the first creature to have successfully reached its summit). He was contentedly eating a ploughman's portion of fish granules, a meal that he relishes with a fiery fervor.

I then placed an old copy of Mussorgsky's "Night on Bald Mountain" upon our phonograph, which filled the evening air with a momentous ambience. With flashlights in hand, we then proceeded to throw beams of blazing incandescence upon little Gerard, who instantly rose to the occasion by casting the most beguiling shadows against our manor

walls. Oh, how our little man danced astride the diminutive mountain named in his honor, waving his one large claw as if challenging Zeus Himself to a bout of fisticuffs! The gesticulations of our flashlights became progressively challenging, almost verging on a fusillade of light, but Gerard countered every patty and riposte with an effortless grace worthy of the great David Carradine. Lo, what grandeur was witnessed, as the piece's crescendo met Gerard's note-shearing claws, gleaming like dragon's dirks! Such subtle and inventive choreography has not been seen since the days of prima ballerina Marie Taglioni—and even her two divine legs would never have been a match for Gerard's boneless eight!

In addition to his physical prowess as a dancer was Gerard's intuitive sense of theatricality with regards to lighting. Why, Orson Welles himself would have shed veritable pounds had he witnessed the mesmerizing light and shadow thrown upon our walls by Le Grande Gerard during this, his finest hour!

Would another member of this ancient, benthic race prevail so splendidly over his modest, marshy beginnings? Could any needle-nosed aquarist among us deny our diminutive ward's effulgent distinction in the performing arts, especially after witnessing such a display of native brilliance? I think not. Bravo, young Gerard—for glory, legwarmers and Tab away thee!

INTERVIEW WITH THE WHIMSY

Or: Inane Fun With Yet Another Intrusive Internet Questionnaire

WHAT IS YOUR FULL NAME?
Lord Breaulove Swells Whimsy.

WHAT KIND OF PANTS ARE YOU NOW WEARING?
Kind? Pants? Oh, no: the only pants worth wearing are *cruel* ones.

WHAT MUSIC ARE YOU LISTENING TO RIGHT NOW?
The lilting music of my immortal soul.

THE LAST THING YOU ATE?
A navel's worth of the finest lint with a vermouth chaser.

IF YOU WERE A CRAYON, WHAT COLOR WOULD YOU BE?
"Pervert Green" or "Pantywaist Medley"

THE WEATHER RIGHT NOW?
Hissing at the window like a slapped queen.

THE FIRST THING YOU NOTICE ABOUT THE OPPOSITE SEX?
That they are both my opposite.

YOUR FAVORITE DRINK?
Green Chartreuse, honeysuckle nectar, or the sweet tears of hysterical prudes.

FAVORITE ALCOHOLIC DRINK?
What a middle-class question.

YOUR FAVORITE SPORTS?
The kind that clear the great unwashed from my path on Sundays.

YOUR HAIR COLOR?
"Dorian gray" these days, I'm afraid.

YOUR EYE COLOR?
A lambent violet. Mesmerizing, really.

DO YOU WEAR CONTACTS?
No, but my contacts wear on me. That is why I spend much of my time in the country.

YOUR FAVORITE FOOD?
Dove tonsils au jus.

LAST MOVIE YOU WATCHED?
Ivan the Terrible, featuring a leaping throng of Mark Hamill. A dirty blonde all-male review dancing around Iggy Pop's grandfather.

FAVORITE DAY(S) OF THE YEAR?
The *odd* ones.

HUGS OR KISSES?
Frottage through velvet, please.

DO YOU PREFER SAI ENDINGS OR HAPPY ENDINGS?
Ask my masseuse.

WHAT BOOKS ARE YOU READING?
"Sartor Resartus" by Thomas Carlyle
"Design for Living" by Noel Coward
"Charm" by Margery Wilso
"The Hot Light Skip" by M. Handsome

SUMMER OR WINTER?
Both cripple my wardrobe.

CHOCOLATE OR VANILLA?
I didn't know that ether now came in flavors.

FAVORITE BOARD GAME?
Guess Whose Finger.

WHAT DID YOU DO LAST NIGHT?
Put plastic fangs in the mouths of all wildlife on my grounds. I then mounted a Tiger Swallowtail, followed by the chambermaid.

FAVORITE SMELLS?
The excrement of very colorful animals.

WHAT SHALL BE YOUR EPITAPH?
"Not dead: extinct." Or perhaps a jaunty line, like "feed my clowns whilst I'm away."

ON SARTORIAL TOLERANCE ZONES

Or: A Study Regarding The Balkanized Regions of the Male Body, And How It Can Influence One's Choice In Clothes.

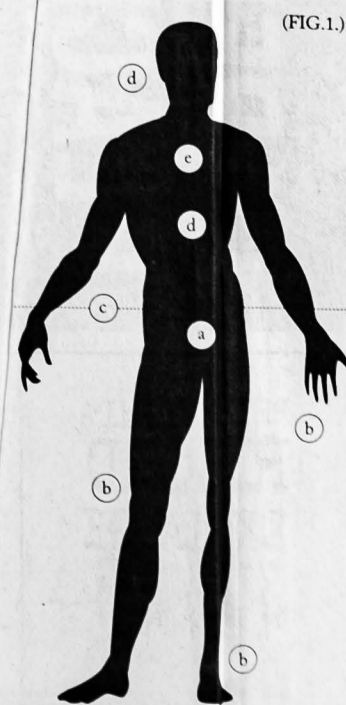
The aesthetic geography of men's clothing is a little-noticed phenomenon, but it does indeed exist. Social tolerance of flamboyance exists in varying degrees, depending on the bodily location of the garment in question.

In the course of my studies, I have discovered what I have dubbed the Priapic Epicenter Syndrome. The general principle is simple: it seems that proximity to the procreative apparatus affects the range of socially acceptable aesthetic choices. Indeed, I have discovered that all men's bodies can be divided into Anatomical Zones of Tolerance (FIG.1). Color, cut, material and elaborations of any kind are all stifled the closer one gets to the Priapic Epicenter (a), once the home of codpieces and leotards, but now is little more than a tomb for male virility. Likewise, the historically utilitarian zones native to trousers, shoes and gloves seem to be the most conservative on the male body (b). Bankers and bohemians alike seem to defer to convention in these regions (I recently had a correspondence with Momus who, upon seeing a pair of wicker pantaloons in Berlin, felt that perhaps such an item was too socially expensive, even for a celebrated *bon vivant* such as he). If pressed to choose, most men will suffer a saffron shirt to saffron pants. Perhaps the lower limbs are instinctively seen as the part of the body which "roots" a man to the ground, and a man who lacks a "sound foundation" is viewed with suspicion? Most of us are instinctively aware of this line of demarcation (c).

The fancies of men see more light and air once we cast a gaze above the navel: in fact, much individual discretion is seen as we enter the realms of hair, hats and shirts (d). Such freedom comes with a large caveat, however: one is free to make choices in these regions, but one shall be *judged* by his choices. Indeed, one's very social identity is forged in these areas: one's hair, coat, jacket and eyewear says a great deal about one, and are deliberations that should be taken seriously.

Strangely, the area for the most freedom of expression seems to be located on the upper chest (e), which has long been a refuge for loud ties, gold chains and tee shirt slogans (cufflinks are included in this category as well). The range of expression is not much freer than what we find on the head and torso, but what distinguishes this area is a lessened sense of accountability for one's choices (how many men have we seen in the upper echelons of society who have poor taste in collars and ties?). I'd hasten to add that the amount of grace might vary with the company one keeps.

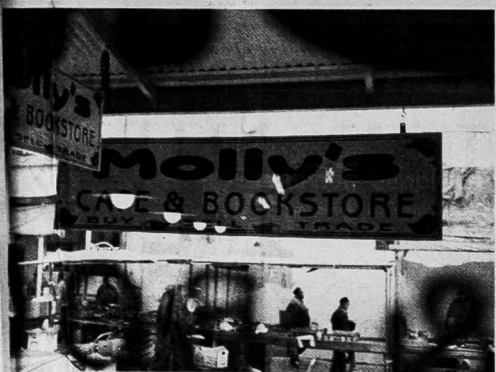
There are those who say that we must reform the zoning of our bodies, so that we might liberate the lower appendages of men from their denim-tubed ghettoes; others relish the challenge these constraints pose to one's aesthetic choices, and prefer the nuance necessary for working within convention to the child's play of mere transgression. Clearly, this phenomenon merits further study.



(FIG.1.)

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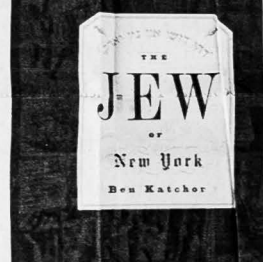


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ANTIQUES FOR SALE: Now Open, Adelia Snow Country Primitives Antiques & Collectibles. Located in the South Street Antiques Market at 615 S. 6th Street. Call 215-269-8550 or visit www.adeliasnow.com.

AUTOMOBILE FOR SALE: "...you can't write poems about trees when the woods are full of policemen." 1993 Ford Ranger that carried two poets across the United States to Brooklyn for sale. 115k miles on it and had a new transmission at 100k. These Fords go for 200k at least with minimal care. Runs really well and has reliably carried us on many adventures. The truck has a cap on it and an extended cab. Asking \$3,000, but it's negotiable. Call Ian at ianbickford@earthlink.net or 718-576-1368.

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BANJO FOR SALE: Vega 5-string banjo with hard case, extra strings, fingerpicks. \$350. 215-730-9383.

BOOKS FOR SALE: Clear Cut Press sells books by subscription. \$65 gets you eight books. Our first series includes odes by a former long-haul truck driver, meditations on the city of Vancouver, B.C. and an anthology of new research & popular literature with photographs, fiction, essays, poetry, speculations, etc. Subscribe at www.clearcutpress.com. Clear Cut Press • P.O. Box 623 • Astoria, OR • 97103

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CALL FOR SUBMISSIONS: We are now accepting submissions of fiction, nonfiction, poetry, social and media criticism for our debut issue on violence. Submissions of artwork will be considered. Contact Chris Petersen by phone, 215.219.0394 or by email, chrispetersen66@yahoo.com.

CALL FOR SUBMISSIONS: Sourcebook of American Chatter Industries. The people who brought you "Sourcebook of American Chatter Vol. One," and "Sourcebook of American Chatter Vol. Two," are now collecting submissions for the forthcoming chatter spectacular "Sourcebook of American Chatter Vol. Three: Conversations." PREPARE TO QUALIFY: This new compendium of chatter is to consist entirely of conversations and recounts thereof. We are primarily interested in overheard conversations (i.e. eavesdropping), fabricated conversations (i.e. dialog), and recounts of particularly notable conversations (i.e. reflections on that drunken debate with David Lee Roth concerning the relative merits of digital recording). That said, busy correspondences, such as real-time email exchanges, could, in some circumstances, count as conversations. In effect, anything that is, or relates to conversation, will be welcomed. DISTANCE TO GOAL: Submissions to Sourcebook Vol. Three are due no later Monday, July 5th. Please send all entries to SAC@space1026.com. Or send post to Sourcebook of American Chatter / c/o Space 1026 / 1026 Arch Street / 2nd Floor / Philadelphia, PA 19107. Any and all queries regarding submission guidelines and other particulars are encouraged.

EVENT: 06-08 through 06-13-04: Lost Film Fest 9.0. Freshly returned from Cannes, Lost Film Fest returns to Philly with an amazing lineup of films. The Corporation • The Take • MOVE • Fourth World War • Dispatches From Rebel Mexico • and 67 more!! All admission is by donation. If you like culture jamming, pie fights, riot porn, and hate George W. Bush with a passion, you'll love the Lost Film Fest. It's the Philly-based festival of truly independent/anti-authoritarian/anticorporate/grassroots/DIY media. Lost Film Fest is a laugh-a-riot event (heavy emphasis on both "laugh" and "riot") focusing on pranks against major corporations, and government institutions. The West Philadelphia based roadshow takes the Michael Moore shtick to the next level by incorporating a sexy, smash-it-up, radical anti-capitalist / anti-globalization perspective. Truly "Too Hot For TV" since 1999, the LFF has tantalized Philly audiences and traveled the globe featuring scathing and hilarious social commentary in the form of feature films, narrative shorts, documented pranks, hot amateur protest footage and re-contextualizations. This is about smashing the illusions cast by Hollywood, the Pentagon & FOXNEWS. It's all at The Rotunda (40th & Walnut) • C.O.D.E. space (48th and Woodland ave) • other locations. Look around for the festival guide at Spacebox, Wooden Shoe, the Marvelous and other places.

EVENT: 06-09-04: Alkali Flats, Klybber, with BC Camplight

EVENT: 06-11-04 & 06-12-04: Puppet Uprising #18

4th Birthday Breakdown: Featuring puppet shows, deejays, and other strange acts by Strike No Strike (NYC), Ruby (Maine), Kim Mandel & Yours Truly (Mass), Heard & Brown, DJ ShoddyPuppet & the Reflectors (Philly), DJ Philomena (Argentina), plus the Cheap Art Bazaar featuring posters from Uprisings past & pieces of Pittsburgh's Prison Poster Project. All at THE ROTUNDA, 4014 Walnut Street, West Philly. Art Bazaar at 7:30, Cabaret at 8:00. Admission: FREE. For more info, look at www.puppetuprising.org.

EVENT: 06-12-04, Saturday, 8 pm, The Philadelphia Gay Men's Chorus presents "If You Believe" at the Trinity Center for Urban Life, 2212 Spruce St. Featuring "Frostiana" (with text by Robert Frost), "Anna Madrigal Remembers" (newly commissioned, based on "Tales of the City") and settings of various Psalms. Joint with the Rainbow Chorus of DE. Tix: \$15. More info: www.pgmc.org or 215-731-9230.

EVENT: 06-16-04: Pig Iron Theatre Company's Summer Happy Hour! Kick back and relax with Pig Iron. Meet our company members and learn more about our Fringe Festival premiere and our top-secret July speakeasy barbeque! Wednesday, June 16 6:30-8:30 Vesuvio Ristorante 736 South 8th St at Fitzwater. Featuring \$2 lager drafts \$4.50 wild drinks www.pigiron.org.

EVENT: 07-10-04: Martha Graham Cracker (and friends) Unplugged. Pig Iron's July speakeasy and BBQ Saturday July 10 The Parlor—1170 S. Broad. Doors open at 6 pm. \$15. For more info visit: www.pigiron.org. **EVENT:** Recurring. Come be heard @ the spoken word event: Uni-Verse-All Voices. Every 3rd Tuesday @ The Friends Meeting House, 1515 Cherry Street Philly, PA www.museumofpoetry.com

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FREE TREADMILL: It's in working condition, and a great way to stay in shape in those fun Philadelphia wintery months. It is yours if you can pick it up and take it home. Contact Matt: 267-251-1174.

FILM FOR SALE: The most controversial film of the summer, entitled "The Other Side of Perfect" analyzes the skeletons in a 200 year old Ivy League closet. The documentary examines race relations on the University of Pennsylvania's campus. It sheds light on the grave situation many minorities face on the predominantly white campus and the seeds of intolerance that were planted long ago. This is the film some people don't want you to see. Don't be the last to witness "The Other Side of Perfect". Pre-order your copies today by emailing PazzatBrothers/CaveEntertainment@Caveincorporated@aol.com

FOR SALE OR TRADE: Paiste Alpha Flat Ride 20" medium weight, soft to medium volume, pingy stick sound, dry, short sustain. Paiste also see: Fairly dark, warm. Wide range, fairly clean mix. Even, balanced feel. Very defined, silvery, woody ping over quiet, shimmering wash. Excellent condition and a nice ride but just not for me. \$85 OBO. Will trade for same size, thinner w/o w/ rivets. bisoubisou@verizon.net

GENERATOR FOR SALE: Coleman Ultimate 1100 W Generator, Never Used, in open box with engine oil for gas/oil mixture and booklet. Cables for Jumpstart applications, only 22 lbs. Retail \$500, best offer over reserve. John 610 777 9592.

ILLUSTRATOR FOR HIRE: Matthew Leake Illustration: Scratchboard and mixed media illustrations. For portfolio and contact info visit www.matthewleake.com. Six free packs of ramen noodles to the first person to hire me for a commission of \$500 or more. *not eligible for residents of Puerto Rico and Hawaii*

INTERN WANTED: Music Promo Internship: Internship positions available for summer and fall with established music promotion company. This is an opportunity to learn about the music business, publicity, and web promotion. Ideal candidates will have basic computer skills (MS Office, internet), good phone and communication skills, and a passion for music, particularly indie rock and pop. Company info at www.canarypromo.com. Please submit letter of interest and resume via email to: info@canarypromo.com.

LOST: Human dignity, justified faith in our leaders, respect for our planet, the ability to walk five feet to deposit trash in a garbage can; hope for the future; tolerance; altruism; humility; personal responsibility; the ability to love each other; the ability to exist without a cell phone; the ability to speak quietly on public transportation; the Golden Rule; character development in films; patience; the post-9/11 disdain for media vapidty; Britney Spears' virginity; rewarding talent instead of looks; the knowledge that merely using the F-word does not make you funny; the common sense that immigrants must conform to the language of the country accepting them and not vice-versa; the common sense that cloning and genetic engineering is a Pandora's box that, once opened, will never be closed and will cause unimaginable grave consequences for humankind; civil behavior at professional football games; the ability to take "no" for an answer; correct spelling; an appreciation for demure beauty; the precept that our government works for us—not the other way around; the will to repair a few miles of flat road more quickly than the ancients took to build temples to their gods; our minds when it comes to this Smarty Jones thing; a reason to leave the house, thanks to computers; the ability to know when enough is enough; paradise. If you locate any of these items, please return to: The Human Race, P.O. Box EARTH, ATTN: Randy S. Robbins, or write him at THE INDEPENDENT, care of the Editors.

MARKET COMMENTARY: Free market, view from top: War, peace—what's it good for? Five stranded eagles, tide swimming fast against the blind; Up, down, crab apples aisle nine; Depot's got the last laugh. Correlate the outlier, discount rate in play. Saw the Cole

sail in '64, but hear now Uncle Sam, the hard wind blows. Merrill's Jacobs sees BP at 25, zeros minus five; *All Aboard!* Dillon, Hendrix, all in the mix; Free trade bliss of Khmer Rouge mist.

MUSIC FOR SALE: The Steward Recording Co. Loves Crispy Pizza. Located in the scenic Port Richmond Section of Philadelphia is the Steward Recording Co. Here you'll find everything you'd ever want out of a recording studio without the hassle of hassles. 2 inch, 1/2 inch and 1/4 inch analog tape... Microphones, atmosphere and a coke machine. You'll just love it here. (sorry, no computers). Previously located in Northern Liberties, the Steward captured the most finest sounds from 32 bittin' Philadelphia bands that would be compiled to make up what is the Hoags Comp, a double CD available in most stores from The Hot Dog City Record Co. (www.hotdogcityrecords.com). You may email for more info - stewski@yahoo.com.

MUSIC FOR SALE: The Dictionary of Cut Up Hands - "Wrong Move" CD plays itself out in under 24 minutes of low key electronic beats and pulses, beeps and rhythms tucked safely between layers of quiet guitars and pianos. Covers feature 2 color silkscreened prints and come packaged in plastic sleeve. email: mark@space1026.com for more info or visit: paperstreetstudio.com/crippledninja

MUSIC FOR SALE: Just Say No To Corporate Radio: Tired of corporate music? Listen to Philadelphia's avant rock band, The Red Masque. Their sinister and psychedelic new album, Feathers for Flesh, is due out July 10 through independent label BigBalloonMusic.com. Download free live and studio songs at www.theredmasque.com. Feed your head. Stuff your ears. Say no to Britney.

MUSIC FOR SALE: This is Streetwave... Super Mixtape CD Vol 1. Out Now! \$2 www.atomicmiles.com for info. Are you ready for the streetwave?

MUSICIANS WANTED: EDO Seeks horn players, xylophonists, and thereminists. We're not kidding. email edospacelair@hotmail.com

MUSICIANS WANTED: We seek geniuses of the musical variety—strings, brass. The A-Sides (www.a-sides.net) are gearing up to record a full length at the amazing Miner Street Studios (www.minerstreet.com), which has recorded such artists as Mazarin, Matt Pond PA, The Burning Brides, The Capitol Years, Bardo Pond, etc. There are several pieces that would require cello, violin, trumpet, and trombone. If you play any of these instruments, and would like to collaborate with The A-Sides in this amazing process, email info@a-sides.net. Don't be discouraged if you have little experience in the rock/indie-rock genre. Curtis Studdens, elderly former Philadelphia Orchestra chair, anyone— as long as you are a capable and proficient musician, we would love to have you and see what you can bring to the table. Thanks.

NUDE MODEL WANTED: Model (female) for Art Photographer. \$15/per hour. Interesting, location work. Posing in nude required. Contact: iconphoto@earthlink.net

OPERA LOVERS WANTED: Opera Enthusiasts Monthly Meeting. The Philadelphia Opera Enthusiasts, now in its 10th year, meets on the last Saturday of every month at a comfortable Center City residence. We share our collections and stories and all learn much from each other. Though predominantly gay, all interested in the Greatest Art are welcome—from neophytes to geezers. We interrupt the proceedings for fellowship, LOL, good eats, to which all contribute. Meetings run from 7pm to 11, and we are now set up for every format: DVDs, videos, CDs, LPs and cassettes. Information on next meeting's topic, membership, location etc: 215-224-6995, ralphh36@comcast.net.

OPINION: The public must call or write the Mayor to stop unnecessary demolition of still-usable historic buildings that contribute to the unique streetscapes here. These authentic period structures make Philadelphia a destination for the world. The Historic Tourism Industry will be irreversibly harmed if we lose these important examples of three hundred years of architecture. Jobs and tax revenues are at stake.

PERSONAL: I am Sam // Sam I am // And I love // Sarah McCann.

PERSONAL: I love you melinda. Everything will work out. You are precious and perfect. Dimplex 215

PERSONAL: Middle-aged MWM seeks meaning in life. It must be challenging, humbling and rewarding (especially to others). God, Allah, Jehovah, Yahweh, etc. need not apply. Proselytizers stay away. Quantum mechanics, string theory, etc., will be considered. Must be carbon-based derivative or like application. Compensation of secondary importance, but poverty unacceptable. I don't want to dedicate myself to the improvement of humanity only to be unable to put my kid through college. Is it poetry or pornography? Is it working with kids or the aged? Is it amassing a fortune that I can spend on others or is it taking a vow of poverty? Serious replies only. Write to Meaning in Life c/o The Editors.

PERSONAL: I need a woman bout twice my weight. If I can't have her, four half my size will do. Respond to the Hopeless Fool c/o THE INDEPENDENT.

PERSONAL: ISO Pedal Steel Guitar Guru. Oh pedal steel, how I love you. It's been said that you are the instrument that separates Men from Boys (or Women from Girls, perhaps, as would be the case for me). Having no delusions that I am Woman enough to actually devote the abundant time and effort required to master you, I'm not quite looking for a lesson so much as just a chance to sit and watch someone play you a little bit while I point at things and say "What does that do?" Will bake baklava or knit a hat or otherwise barter in exchange for a couple hours of this activity. Email sarah@excitingconfessions.com.

PERSONAL: Dear Teflon: Since the now historic morning of 11/03 I have been blessed. A coupling that even I, at any other stage in my life would have dismissed as absurd, has become everything I could hope for. I am offering you my heart from now until the end of time. My venereal-disease free vixen, let us take the world together. Love, faithfully and forever, CC

PERSONAL: Meow meow meow: Angelina, my dear big sister, I've noticed a rift between us since my first day on Mildred Street. Mother and father have made it clear to me that you are a temperamental cat, and that despite your frequent slashings of flesh, you are grateful for the home they provide and you love them. They also assure me that you love me and will, in time, display your affection in your own way. Please consider my diminutive stature and my wide-eyed curiosity (literal and figurative) when you feel an urge to hiss at me as I pass. Notice my adorable face, my easily stimulated sense of play, and the similarities of colors in our coats. Though borne of different parents, we're more alike than not, and I love you. ||| Ladybug |||

PERSONAL: A unique investment: As the humble boyfriend of a lovely but virtually penniless 20-year-old girl, I've decided to seek investors for the remainder of her college education. Details, of course, can be provided upon contact, but the situation is thus: Born to a Mexican-American mother and an African-American father, she was raised in a small town near Austin, Texas. She attended New York University for a year, but the money dried up and she returned home. For

reasons related and unrelated, our relationship ended. After a semester at the University of North Texas, she borrowed money to visit me in Philadelphia, unannounced. She decided to move here to be with me, and it's been our collective goal for her to complete college as soon as possible. She's working for small paychecks, mostly for the medical benefits, and I'm helping with what I can. She's intelligent, charismatic and determined. What she lacks is funding. So, while she applies for loans and grants, I thought it prudent to make an Initial Public Offering—this stock is sure to rise. Please write to FuturesInvestment@yahoo.com for details and discussion. A taste of the perks: Regular performance updates, a negotiated standard for annual qualification, invitations to local family events, eternal gratitude, and, yes, a percentage-based monetary return (distributed over several years) culled from the salary of her first post-collegiate job. Contributions of all sizes are welcome, and group efforts reduce individual investments. Many thanks for helping ensure her future.

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POETRY EVENTS EDITOR WANTED: Local Lit, the e-letter of literary events in the Philadelphia area, is interested in acquiring a volunteer Poetry Editor to compile monthly listings of local poetry events. No pay, lots of perks and prestige. Bulk of info is e-mailed to you; Job done from home on your computer. Email program needed. Starts August, runs yearly through June. E-mail kpwriting@comcast.net after June 10 under the subject heading "Poetry Editor" if interested. More info at the Local Lit web site <http://www.locallit.com>

PRODUCT REVIEW: Arm & Hammer just made this flushable litter, and it's the bomb. You can dump it right in the toilet. I think you should know about this. It changed my life.

PUBLICATION FOR SALE: New zine of photocopy-manipulation art out now!! Poets' Groove #13: "Yesterday's News" bends text and images from a single day's edition of the Philadelphia Inquirer into artwork and commentary on media distortion. Available for \$2 or a trade from S. Sebastian Potts 4811 Springfield Ave. Philadelphia, PA 19143 poetsgroove@yahoo.com

PUBLICATION FOR SALE: Don't miss any local readings/signings by great poets & writers. Subscribe to Local Lit, the e-letter of literary events in the Philadelphia area. "Like a TV Guide for literary events...without the TV!" \$20/yr. More info/subscribe at <http://www.locallit.com> or e-mail kpwriting@comcast.net with "How to Subscribe/Sample Copy" in the subject line.

PUBLICATION FOR SALE: Frothing at the Mouth, glorious journal of all in short fiction. Stories by Bruce Holland Rogers, Brian Ames, Gary Fry, Andrew Hook, &c; you haven't heard of them before, but you will remember them in some slightly drunken, surrealistic way. (Do they go together?) Who's baby is it? Are you a fish? I see a moon, I see a shift, I see a missile with "GOD" written all over it. Oh! Published 2x/year, \$5/copy, \$18/subscription. Send check (to Ellen Rhudy)/cash/money order/kiss to Sarloos Press, PO Box 100, Mullica Hill, NJ 08062, sarloospress.com.

RECORDS WANTED: Sell me your 78rpm records. I mean it! I'll come and get them and give you money as payment! Send info to eliot.duhane@alumni.temple.edu

SALES PERSON WANTED: Advertising Director to secure ads for local arts publications on commission basis. Email kpwriting@comcast.net after June 10 under the subject heading "Advertising Director" if interested.

SOUL FOR SALE: My soul. Since I can't find any meaning in life (see above), I'm opening up the field. Why should I have standards and hold onto beliefs I learned in Boy Scouts or from my Pop-pop if I'm pissing into the wind? Love is a specter, time is short and growing shorter. Entertainment is king. What am I fighting for? Iraq? As if. Fairness? Just yesterday a cop pulled me over for speeding. I was in the center lane, admittedly doing 71 mph but surrounded by cars traveling at the same rate. Hell, why not bust it at 80 all day long? Soul is a deluxe model, 1963 vintage—back when they made real souls. Not these modern, plastic jobbies. It's got several dents in it but it runs like a tank. Make me an offer. Write to Soul For Sale c/o The Editors.

SPACE FOR RENT: \$1,000/1br—Lovely furnished summer sublet available in Bella Vista. Recently renovated one-bedroom house available from July 7 through late August. Fantastic location in Bella Vista—near South Street, the Italian Market and public transit. Hardwood floors, central a/c, washer/dryer, cable TV and internet modem; small back patio; fully furnished; garbage disposal. Would like to get \$1,000/month, including utilities, but price is negotiable. The house is perfect for graduate students or visiting professionals or someone between leases. If interested email: gwenishaffer@comcast.net

SPACE FOR RENT: Live/Work/Commercial Loft Units at YorkSquare—New Construction 2005. 4th/Vine Old City. From 1100-2000 sq. 610-964-7984

SURFERS WANTED: Philadelphia Area Surfing Association. <http://pa-sa.org/>

TURNABLES FOR SALE: Two turntables designed for DJing extraordinarily. These Gemini turntables great for a beginner (but you'll quickly want to upgrade to Technics once you decide that this is your passion). Belt driven. Comes with needles and covers, not much else. Asking \$75 or best offer. You can come inspect in person. Please contact sales@marketeast.com

TURNABLES WANTED: Seeking phonographic record players of any sort, but mainly those which fall into one of two categories: 1. Small, portable phonographs for cheap or free, & 2. Phonographs that have fallen into disuse, disrepair, or are just downright busted that you wish to have whisked away at no cost. Write to: morganfriz@yahoo.com, resting assured that your old turntables shall lead new, extravagant lives.

WEBSITE: This very newspaper now has an online version. If you have a computer, go and take a look. www.philadelphiaindependent.net

WEBSITE: Fingertips: The intelligent guide to free and legal music online. Online everyday at <http://www.fingertipsmusic.com>. Nights and weekends too.

WRITING GROUP FORMING: Constrained Writing—I'm interesting in meeting people interested in literature and writing done under constraint, i.e. some kind of voluntary formal constraint used in the process of writing. The mostly French group called the Oulipo has been working at it for decades and I've been studying them, but there's no one to talk with or work with in my circle. Best examples (see your library or bookstore): A Void by Georges Perec (no e's) or Calvino's Castle of Crossed Destinies (based on tarot cards). Curious? Check out my blog on the subject: quadrinkbeard.com/mr or email me at derik@madink-beard.com

II

SEASONAL

FORECAST

21

WITH WOOLEN BLANKET & ROMAN CANDLE, SUMMER PLAYS THE MATADOR & LIGHTS HERSELF ON FIRE

JUNE

05

MUSIC: The Northern Liberties Music Festival 3.5 @ Liberty Lands, 3 p.m., 3rd Street between Poplar and Wildey, Free.

Ah, NORTHERN LIBERTIES: land of skyrocketing rents, bookstores with neon signs, and chain-smoking youths sweet-talking the doorman for the privilege of mingling with cargo shorts-sporting dudes on the inside of the bar. Today, though, today Northern Liberties invites you to step out and expose yourself to the sunshine, because it's time for the neighborhood's **MUSIC FESTIVAL 3.5**. Support Chamomile, Steve Phoenix, Future Tips, Pearly Gates, Cordalene, Krass Brothers, Hi Soft, and Mazzarin while enjoying food from the Ministry of Information and K.C.'s Chuck Wagon. Food, music, summertime, grass, and no bathroom, so you don't have to worry about waiting on line.

10

PERFORMANCE: "Terror in the White House" @ Shubin Theatre, 407 Bainbridge St. Wed & Thu 7.30 p.m.; Fri 8 p.m.; Sat 2.30 & 8 p.m.; Sun 2.30 p.m. \$15 @ www.greenlight-plays.com, \$20 at the door. Thursday performances \$10.

Throwing the word **TERROR** in the title of whatever you're promoting seems to be a good way of getting attention these days. Green Light Theatrical Productions' **TERROR IN THE WHITE HOUSE** is no exception. Its plot, a thinly veiled fictionalization of contemporary events, concerns the U.S. President's attempt to spin the deaths of hundreds of Iraqi civilians as justified by their "terrorist" status. For political art to be effective, it needs to do more than confirm the opinions its viewers already hold. So find somebody who's got a different theory on the occupation and bring them along. At least that way you'll have more to do afterwards than shake your heads sadly, in unison, at the whole sorry mess.

12

MUSIC: Near, Robbay, and Thee-Puck play the Feedback Concert Series @ the University City Arts League, 4226 Spruce St., 7 p.m., \$5.

They bring the hits. They bring all the hits. From "Shopping on the Internet (is Fun)" to "Punk Rock Princess," Thee-puck and his sequencer rock the monochrome jump suits and sweat gear like nothing you've ever seen, and make you want to get up and dance to the strobe light and sing back-up like nothing you've ever heard. If you've been missing those days of crowding into the Rotunda to catch a glimpse of Atom and his friendly Package, miss no more: Thee-puck is here. Today's concert also features Near, aka near.77, aka Sean Moore, who doesn't just bring you his own malestrom of noise, but also organizes the Philadelphia Electronic Music and Arts Festival. And then there's Robbay... well, we don't know too much about him.

18

DECISION TIME: Suicide Girls Burlesque Act @ the Balcony Bar of the Trocadero, 1003 Arch St., 8 p.m., 21+. \$15. OR: The Acid Mothers Temple @ the First Unitarian Church, 2125 Chestnut St., 8 p.m., \$10. With Psychic Paramount.

What's a Philadelphian to do? On the one hand, you've got the **SUICIDE GIRLS**, a punk boy's wet dream. On the other, you've got **THE ACID MOTHERS TEMPLE**, who are coming all the way from Japan just to get you to crave the sensation of your own ears bleeding. Poledancing girls with facial piercings who make you feel like it's okay to love porn? Men with fro whose vocal interludes make you feel like it's okay to like acapella? Tattooed flesh writhing and jiggling in a strange blend of irony, sweat, exploitation and empowerment? Wacky instruments producing psychedelic noise and the sensation of zero gravity? A cash bar and the guarantee of the company of your 21 and over peers? Meandering distortion and a crowd that will surely include high-school students? Blindfolds or earplugs? It's a real dilemma. Logic falters. Flip a coin.

26

ARTS AND CRAFTS: The Art Star Craft Bazaar, brought to you by Evil Twin Workshop, @ the First Unitarian Church, 2125 Chestnut St., 11:30 a.m. - 5:30 p.m.

THE ART STAR CRAFT BAZAAR brings you everything from homemade jewelry and accessories to notecards to "novelty clothing." Running for five Saturdays—May 26, June 12, 19, 26, and July 10—you've got plenty of opportunities to unload some cash. Whether you're in the market for a fuzzy cell phone cozy, an elegant vase, a one-of-a-kind silkscreened print, or just a bracelet, the **EVIL TWIN WORKSHOP** will deliver the goods.

EXTENDED HOROSCOPE

GEMINI: May 21 - June 20
7.3, 19, 36, 154. With patience and a small stick of dynamite, mighty walls come tumbling down. You are the heart at the center of the world. You are the guiding star of his existence. You are going to have some new clothes.

SUNDAY
REMARKS on this, the sixth month that approaches, and all its many splendors:
Although poets in all ages have sung the praises of May, June is, in reality, the most pleasant month of the year. The day reaches its full length, flowers appear in their richest bloom, birds are in song, earth, air and water teem with life, and all nature is gay and joyous.

MONDAY
PLANETARY ORBS: Heavenly bodies, celestial spheres of all sorts and colors. JUNE 13 is one of merely three calendar days when MERCURY rises before the SUN.

TUESDAY
ART: "Terror: A Collaboration between a Palestinian and an Israeli Artist" @ Slough, 4017 Walnut St., Wed-Sun, 11 a.m. - 6 p.m., closes June 12.

WEDNESDAY
MUSIC: Beulah and Dios play the North Star Bar, 2639 Poplar St., 9 p.m., 21+, \$10.

THURSDAY
DISCUSSION: On negative theology, language, law, & mysticism @ the ICA, 118 S. 36th St., 6:30 p.m., Free.

FRIDAY
TOUR: Tour the "9 Mutt XX04" exhibit with museum director, Gretchen Worden, Mutter Museum, 19 S. 22nd Street, 1 p.m.

SATURDAY
MUSIC: Northern Liberties Music Festival 3.5.
see side bar

6
FILM: World premiere of "Tornies," First Glance Film Festival @ the Painted Bride. Music by the Low Budgets, Spits, etc. 230 Vine St., 8 p.m., \$10.

7
FILM: Cinema Bizarre presents "Night of the Living Dead" and "Detour" @ Pizzeria Unos, 511 South St., 9 p.m.

8
FILM: Lost Film Fest 9.0 Opens tonight @ the Rotunda, 4014 Walnut Street. See lostfilmfest.org for screenings & times.

9
SNACKTIME: With THE INDEPENDENT. Readings by Jon Raymond and Linh Dinh. And snacks. 1026 Arch Street, 7 p.m., Free.

10
PERFORMANCE: "Terror at the White House."
see side bar

11
FILM: "International TV Puppets" @ Spiral Q, 3114 Spring Garden St., 2nd Floor, 8 p.m. and 10 p.m., \$10.

12
MUSIC: Feedback Concert Series.
see side bar

13
MEET UP: Concerts for Kerry brings you a Hootenanny with James Seward, Man in Black, and others. At Fergie's, 1214 Sansom St., 6 p.m., \$12.

14
READING: Linh Dinh reads from and signs copies of *Blood and Soap*. Borders, Broad and Chestnut streets., 6 p.m.

15
MUSIC: The Decembrists and The Long Winters @ The TLA, 334 South St., 8 p.m., \$10. PS: Happy Father's Day, Dad.

16
HOLLA BACK: Today is National Holler's Contest Day. It is also Bloomsday @ The Rosenbach Museum & Library, 2008-10 Delancey Pl., 12-7:30 p.m., Free.

17
MUSIC: Van Halen rocks the Wachovia Center, 7:30 p.m., \$67-\$97.

18
DECISION TIME: Suicide Girls vs. Acid Mothers.
see side bar

19
TIME OUT: Franz Ferdinand, Sons rs @ Making Time, Shampoo, 7th & Willow Sts., 9 p.m., \$14.

20
SPORTS: The Phillies take on the Kansas City Royals @ Citizens Bank Park, 1:35 p.m.

21
BIRD CALLS: If the sound of a cuckoo is heard today, National Cuckoo Hearing Day, it will be a wet summer.

22
READING: David Foster Wallace reads @ The Central Branch of the Free Library, 1901 Vine St., 7 p.m., Free.

23
MUSIC: Devendra Bernhardt, Joanna Newsom, Espers, and Vetter @ the First Unitarian Church, 2125 Chestnut St., 7:30 p.m., \$8.

24
ART: Sharon Lockhart & David Hammons @ The Fabric Workshop & Museum, 1315 Cherry St., 5th & 6th Floors. Mon-Fri 10 a.m.-6 p.m.; Sat 12-4 p.m. Closes August 14.

25
BE ON THE Lookout for THE STAR SIRIUS: Many things combine to render this brilliant star an object of profound interest. Who can gaze on its pure silvery radiance, and reflect how many ages it has adorned the heavenly dome, with its peerless lustre, and how many generations of mankind have rejoiced in its without awe and admiration? In ancient Egypt it was an object of idolatrous interest. It was then of a brilliant red color, but is now a lustrous white, and the cause of this change of color, as well as the nature and period of the revolution it denotes in the star itself, are not wholly unknown. Its distance from the earth is not less than 1,300,000 times our distance from the sun, and its light must travel twenty-two years to reach us. Another circumstance of deep interest connected with it is that it has changed its position, during the life of the human family, by about the apparent diameter of the moon, and that astronomers, detecting some irregularity in its motion, have been convinced that it had some companion star, which has been identified by Mr. Clark, with his new and powerful chromatic telescope.

26
CIVIL DISOBEDIENCE: Critical Mass. Ride Your Bike In Circles and Yell A Lot. Meet at the west side of City Hall, 5 p.m.

27
ARTS AND CRAFTS: Art Star Craft Bazaar.
see side bar

28
CHESS: Play chess at the Morris Rec Center, 5900 Spruce Street, 5-8:30 p.m., Ages 8 and Up, Weekly. Call 215.685.1993 x94 for more information.

29
EAT: Eat or serve hot vegetarian food with Food Not Bombs, between 19th and 20th on Vine St., 7 p.m., Weekly.

30
DRINK TO THIS: On June 29, 1933, Hollywood legend Roscoe "Fatty" Arbuckle died of a heart attack. He was 46 years old. Step away from the cheesecake, sir.


31
VIDEO CALL: Subject the community to 3 minutes of your video art @ the ICA, 118 S. 36th St. 8:30 p.m. to participate; 9 p.m. to watch. Free.

EXTENDED HOROSCOPE

CANCER: June 21 - July 22
It's hot in there, crabs, so maybe you should step out of the kitchen for a few. Try dosing yourself in cold beer and running your fingers through the cascading locks of your shaggy hair. Then blow your boss a kiss and look for a new job. This month, it's time to reevaluate.

SUNDAY
JULY IS Anti-Boredom month, National Baked Beans Month, National Blueberry Month, Fireworks Safety Month, Hemochromatosis Screening Month, Hitchhiking Month, National Hot Dog Month, National Ice Cream Month, Read an Alamo Month, National Tennis Month, and Therapeutic Recreation Week. The Larkspur and the Water Lily share the title, privileges, and requisite duties of Official July Flower, but we'll go with the underdog:

MONDAY
1 Michigan leads the nation in the production of dry edible baked beans, navy beans, and cranberry beans.

TUESDAY
FLOWER OF THE MONTH:

Larkspur, Tall
Delphinium glaucum

WEDNESDAY
ONCE NAMED QUINTILIUS, or Fifth, July takes its Present Name from Honor due one Julius Caesar.

THURSDAY
Now comes July, and with his fervid noon Universal labor. The twinkling mower sleeps. The weary maid rakes freely; the warm roasts. Patches his head reluctant; the faint steer, Lashing his sides, drives wildly along. The slow encumbered wain in mid-day heat.

FRIDAY
SWIM: At the Rec Center Nearest You. See phila.gov/recreation/sports/pools.html. Free.

SATURDAY
FIGHT THE CROWDS: First Friday fulfills the Surgeon General's monthly recommended allowance of visual art. Old City, Evening Hours. Free.

4
CHALLENGE: Find a way to celebrate declaring our intention to kick British ass without acting like a complete war-mongering tool. First Prize: Your Dignity.

5
ARTS AND CRAFTS: Check out Phila-Crochet. Knitters welcome! The A space, 4722 Baltimore Avenue, 7 p.m. Monthly.

6
PARTY: "Panties on the Dance Floor," @ the 700 Club, 700 N. 2nd St., 10 p.m., 21+, Free. Weekly.

7
DOUBLE DARE: Use the bathroom at Dirty Frank's and don't wash your hands. For the extra respect of your peers, don't flush the toilet, either.

8
READING: David Bezmozgis and Jonathan Ames at the Free Library.

9
ART: Opening reception at PAFA.

10
ART: Original drawings from Maurice Sendak's "Alligators All Around" @ the Rosenbach, 2010 Delancey Pl., Tues-Sun 10 a.m.-5 p.m. Closes August 15.

11
MUSIC: Gravy Train and V.I.P. at Silk City, 5th and Spring Garden Sts., 9 p.m., 21+, \$7.

12
ONE HAND CLAPPING: Zen meditation, instruction provided. The First Unitarian Church, 2125 Chestnut Street, Free. Weekly.

13
COOL DOWN: Somehow, the endless loop of the ice cream trucks' "Turkey in the Straw" is a lot less annoying when you're enjoying a delightful summer treat.

14
PARTY: Fire in the Disco with DJs Dave P, Julian S Process, and Adam Sparkles at Soma, 33 S. 3rd Street, 10 p.m., 21+, Free. Weekly.

15
FILM: Opening night of the Tenth Annual Philadelphia Gay and Lesbian Film Festival. See phillyffest.com for screening locations & times.

16
FILM: Continuous screenings of Rene Clair's "Entr'acte" @ the ICA, 118 S. 36th St., 10 a.m. - 6 p.m., \$3.

17
ON THIS DAY: In 1793, Charlotte Corday was guillotined.
see side bar

18
BRUNCH: Is the most excessive meal. Crowd your table with coffee cups, milk jugs, juices, cocktails, eggs, muffins, fruit, potatoes, and granola. Admire.

19
MUSIC: Snow Faires and Bugs Eat Books @ Tritone, 1508 South St., 9 p.m., 21+, \$7.

20
PACK: Books through Bars packing night @ the A-space, 4722 Baltimore Ave., 7:30-10:30 p.m. Weekly.

21
FILM: Andy Warhol's "Sleep."
see side bar

22
MUSIC: Sticks & Stones @ Slough.

23
MUSIC: Mum plays the sanctuary of the First Unitarian Church, 2125 Chestnut St., 8 p.m., All Ages, \$13.

24
PARTY: Beatles vs. Stones, Silk City, 5th and Spring Garden Sts., 21+, \$5. Monthly.

25
COMPETITION: The Philadelphia Classic Doubles Bowling Tournament @ Brunswick Adams Lane, 649 Franklin St., 1 p.m. Call 215.533.1221 for more information.

26
LISTEN: Jim brings "Weapons of Mass Distraction," spinning punk, thrash, folk, grind, etc. on WKDU 91.7 FM, 9 p.m.-12 a.m.

27
MUSIC: Cex, Make Believe (featuring Tim Kessella), and Automato @ the First Unitarian Church, 2125 Chestnut St., 7:30 p.m., All Ages, \$8.

28
GAMES: Get your bingo on at Bob & Barbara's Lounge, 1509 South St., 9 p.m., \$3 per board, 21+ Weekly.

29
RECREATION: Find out who's been playing dodgeball on Thursday nights 12th & Catharine, 10 p.m. Weekly.

30
ACTION: Stop watching the news with that sick, sinking feeling of powerlessness and apathy. Get involved. Start here: musicforamerica.org

31
CHAOS: Steal and discard every parking ticket you can find. Then find a good hiding spot to wait out the riots when the late notices arrive in ten to fourteen days.

JULY

ACCESSORY

In 1912, the pearl was named the official gemstone of the month of June. Pearls are formed when an irritant—a tiny stone or bit of sand—gets inside a mollusk (think kidney stones, only shinier). The mollusk secretes a substance called nacre to protect itself and seven or eight years later, boom: humans come along and get rich off the June babies.



JULY

08

READING: David Bezmozgis and Jonathan Ames read from *Natasba and Other Stories* and *Wake up, Sir!*, respectively. The Central Branch of the Free Library, 1901 Vine St., 7 p.m. Free.

DAVID BEZMOZGIS' graceful, funny fiction concerns the Bermans, a family of Russian Jews who immigrate to Toronto, bearing no resemblance whatsoever to Bezmozgis' family, who left Latvia and arrived in Toronto in 1980, when he was 7 years old. He's appearing with JONATHAN AMES, humorist, storyteller, and Letterman regular.

09

ART: The opening reception of "The Sixth Annual Altoids' Curiously Strong Collection" at the Morris Gallery of the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts, 118 N. Broad St., 6 p.m., Free. Gallery hours: Tue-Sat 10 a.m.-5 p.m.; Sun 11 a.m.-5 p.m. Closes August 15.

Each year since 1998, ALTOIDS has engaged a panel of curators, critics, artists, and gallerists to help the company choose contemporary works by emerging artists to add to its private collection; the pieces then form the basis of a traveling show. This year's panel included the Academy's Curator of Contemporary Art Alex Baker. So it comes as no surprise that after hitting up Seattle, Austin and San Francisco, and before jetting off to New York, the 2004 Altoids tour is stopping at PAFA. The artists include Whitney Bienniales Terence Koh, Eli Sudbrack, Hernan Bas, and Aida Rulova, not to mention locals Paul Swenbeck, Clare Rojas, and Monique van Genderen.

17

ON THIS DAY: On July 17, 1793, Charlotte Corday was guillotined for the murder of popular French politician Jean-Paul Marat.

You've got to hand it to her. **CHARLOTTE CORDAY**, a twenty-five year old woman who maintained to be acting alone and unadvised, succeeded on July 13, 1793, in not only slipping past Marat's security, in not only in having a private meeting with Marat while he was in the bathtub, but in stabbing him to death with an oh-so cleverly concealed knife. Marat, scientist-turned-Jacobin statesman and editor-in-chief of *L'Ami du Peuple*, often spent hours a day in the bath to treat the disfiguring skin disease from which he suffered. Corday, a Royalist, was one of those who blamed Marat for the Revolutionary War breaking out in Paris. Alas, she may have done more to mobilize opposition than she intended; Marat was memorialized in a portrait by his good friend, painter-of-the-Revolution Jacques-Louis David, the day after the murder. Three days after the portrait session, Corday's head rolled under the blade with her fellow aristocrats. Marat still hangs in the Louvre.

21

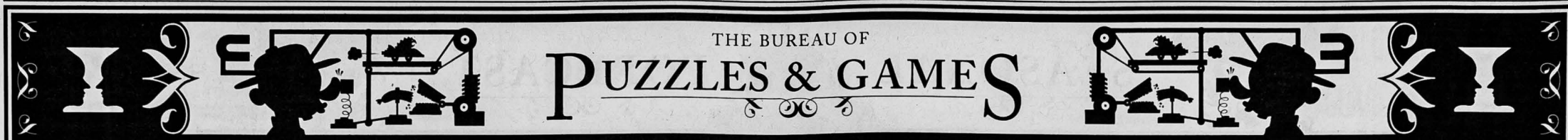
FILM: Andy Warhol's "Sleep" at the Institute of Contemporary Art, 118 S. 36th St., 9 p.m. With soundscape by DJ Dan Buskirk.

Before *Empire*, before *My Hustler*, before *Chelsea Girls*, and before the screen tests, there was the documentation of poet John Giorno's 1963 "SLEEP"—all five hours, twenty-one minutes, 16mm, 24 frames per second of it. *Sleep* predates Warhol's collaborations with producer, director, writer, and cinematographer Paul Morrissey, which means we can spare ourselves the debate over who did what and focus on the experience of five and a half hours of one action, cut into undetectable segments, spooned out of light. Of course it's boring. It's stupefyingly boring. But it's also an unbelievably exciting critique and exploration of cinema, voyeurism, ennui, and the experience of time passing. Grab some coffee, though, cause you'll miss all that spectacular, liberating, dreamy emptiness if you fall prey to the siren song of the titular action.

22

MUSIC: Sticks and Stones @ Slough Foundation, 4017 Walnut St., 8 p.m., \$12.

STICKS AND STONES is Matana Roberts (alto saxophone), Josh Abrams (bass), and Chad Taylor (percussion). The improvisatory maestros are promoting their second release, the live to tape "Shed Grace." The album contains both original compositions and Theolonius Monk, Billy Strayhorn and Fela Kuti covers. Sticks and Stones is especially exciting because of the presence of Roberts, one of the few women to gain attention in the jazz world. Check out her zine, **WORDS**, which addresses her experiences busking in the New York City subway—not like she spends the rest of her time collaborating with Anthony Braxton and Ravi Coltrane or anything.



SPINACH FOR DESSERT

"ORGANIC CHEMISTRY"

The World's Most Difficult Crossword Puzzle

BY JASON E. GIBBS

ACROSS

1. Small glass vessel.
5. Workplace safety watch dog group.
9. Book of photos.
14. A sea eagle.
15. Alka-Seltzer sound effect.
16. Soft, musically.
17. Koppel and Danson.
18. Roof overhang.
19. Akin to kidneys.
20. M(Ag)ical remark maker.
23. Head of household haul.
26. Sharp Bark.
27. (Fe)ared implement of a tyrant.
31. Muslim temple.
36. Former White House Press Secretary Fleischer.
37. Ancient Greek theater.
39. Minestrone and Split Pea, for example.
40. Location.
42. Act that falsely incriminates.
44. Gossip.
45. Sidestep.
47. Diameter halves.
49. Paul Gauguin's Tahitian journal title, when doubled.
50. Especially elegant.
52. Driver inclined to zi(P b).
54. Sort.
56. Deliver a speech.
57. Part of a weapon used by

tru(Cu)lent thugs to

64. Automaton.
65. Wreath on a knight's helmet.
66. Back talk.
70. A large Mediterranean fish.
71. Player and spirit companion.
72. Greeting and goodbye in Genoa.
73. Exceed 55, for instance.
74. Coarse hominy.
75. Probability.

DOWN

1. Nov. 11 honoree.
2. Wrath.
3. Combining conjunction.
4. Moral.
5. German General Motors make.
6. Russian or Pole.
7. Threw with great effort.
8. Instance of mimicking.
9. Fitting.
10. Claim on debtor's property.
11. Nancy Sinatra song title, when doubled.
12. Small two-toed sloth.
13. Mexican chili and choco late sauce.
21. Prefix with -mercial and -tainment.
22. Russert of "Meet The

23. Favoring one side.
24. Reach a destination.
25. Having to do with sex.
28. Passports and driver's licenses.
29. Prophet.
30. Sum.
32. Turf.
33. High protein South American grain.
34. Extirpate.
35. Extensive landed property.
38. In the buff.
41. University URL ender.
43. ___ mater.
46. Once was.
48. Fantasia Barrino, to America.
51. Certain lodge member.
53. Painting done on moist plaster.
55. "The Ashley Book of ___."
57. Sis siblings.
58. Boisterous frolic.
59. Member of the secular clergy.
60. Tender to the touch.
61. Often flushed protein metabolism by-product.
62. Dollar, slangily.
63. '96 Dole running mate.
67. Support.
68. Blue.
69. Call for help.

WIN A SUBSCRIPTION, A SHIRT, OR FIVE POUNDS OF BOOK
Prizes, Instructions, Details, Addresses, Red Herrings & Notes of Cheerful Caution

The season of leisure is here, with its specially revealing pieces of apparel, specially designed to allow the sun to slap and lap at us as we lie about like masterless dogs, doing nothing, until our skin is as brown and blistered as a thunderegg. These are the months when it is most crucial to inject moments of rigor into our layabout routine, lest we grow so adapted to building impermanent structures of seaside sediment and bandying circular plastic disks about the beach that we find ourselves unable to enter the dim rooms of our daily Autumn labors, keep our accounts, collect our debts and pay that which is due. You need not look far to find the formula of the antidote to this malaise. It is the crossword. You are looking at it. Fill it out and send it in, and if you're one of the first, you will receive a prize.

GRAND PRIZE: To the correct Puzzle with the earliest postmark, one T-shirt bearing the seal of THE PHILADELPHIA INDEPENDENT, a six-issue Square Deal Subscription (including a pinback button, a heraldic and personalized Subscriber Card) and Top Secret Agent status in the Bureau.

2nd PRIZE: To the next correct Puzzle, Five Pounds of Book from THE PHILADELPHIA INDEPENDENT's surplus library. We will send a selection of offerings. Pick whatever suits you.

TO EVERY SINGLE ENTRY: Special Agent status in the Bureau.

Send your completed Puzzle to TPI / Attn: Bureau of Puzzles & Games / 1026 Arch Street / Philadelphia, PA / 19107 with your name, address, and telephone number written clearly on a 3x5-inch index card. And I'd be quick about it if I wanted a stab at the Grand Prize.

To our Beloved Agents of the Bureau...
ANSWERS TO LAST MONTH'S SYNAPSE ZAPPER

THE WINNERS:

GRAND PRIZE:
Top Secret Agent Status, T-shirt, Six Issues
Top Secret Agent MICHELLE GRANT

2ND PRIZE:
Secret Agent Status, 5 pounds of book, button
Secret Agent NATE PUCHALSKI

RUNNERS UP:
Special Agent Status & our best wishes
Special Agent DOUG HELLER
Special Agent NANCY PARSONS
Special Agent MORGAN FITZPATRICK
Special Agent SEAN MCCONNELL
Special Agent WENDY SUE

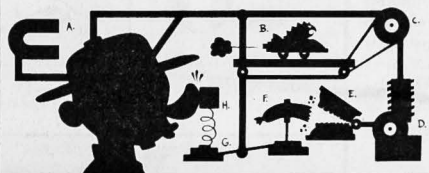


Regarding My Errors & Faults

Could Providence herself provide a more potent proof or portent that the date of my retirement of Chairman draws near? For a second time now, I, Floss, have committed an error in transcribing a puzzle and brought shame upon this newspaper, shame upon the good Mr. Gibbs, and shame upon the Bureau. I have long felt that the only way to preserve my credibility, and the credibility of this page is to be absolutely forthright whenever mistakes are made, and to then thrust my own body between the hand grenade of public infamy and the many innocents who, were it not for my willingness to let things go wrong and then assume more than my share of responsibilities when they do, would see their reputations turned to vapor, like a newspaper held to a flame. Only if Floss confesses his part in the matter can they be saved. So on with it. Last issue, in the southeastern quadrant of the puzzle, the two black squares beneath 56 down should have been moved one stop to the right. This first error was noted and corrected by all seven agents named above. Further, the clue for 56 down should have read "prayer ender," not "payer ender." Further, the first letter of the sec-

ond word of the clue for 58 down was inappropriately capitalized. These second and third errors were pointed out to me by Special Agent Morgan Fitzpatrick, whose diligent eye and humane way of casting my professional failures in the best possible light make him an asset to the Bureau. In other news, the Bureau had a scare when a cat was found near our headquarters, flattened by an automobile, and (we were told) resembling Office Manager Emeritus Ladybird Vanderbilt. The poor creature was buried and I had already begun to grieve when our intrepid beloved Vanderbilt returned from one of her afternoon errands, alive. It was a case of mistaken identity. To avoid distressing our agents through future switcheroos, I have since pledged that the Bureau will adhere to a strict policy of habeas corpus on hearing any reports of a colleague's demise.

Your obedient friend,
Henry Floss
Henry Floss
Chairman, Bureau of Puzzles & Games

HENRY FLOSS' MONTHLY INVENTION
(Apologies to Rube Goldberg)

HOW TO STAY COOL

Magnet (A) pulls tin-plated toy race car, driven by speed-crazed iguana, who despite his 'pedal-to-the-metal' action can do no more than exactly equal the reverse pull of the magnet with his speed (B), thus powering treadmill (C), activating series of winches (E), which quickly devour Hebrew National hot dog (F). Scale suddenly becomes unbalanced (G), releasing spring-loaded ice cube (H), which provides a cool save for Floss' flushed proboscis. If this device proves unsuccessful, have someone breathe on you forcefully.

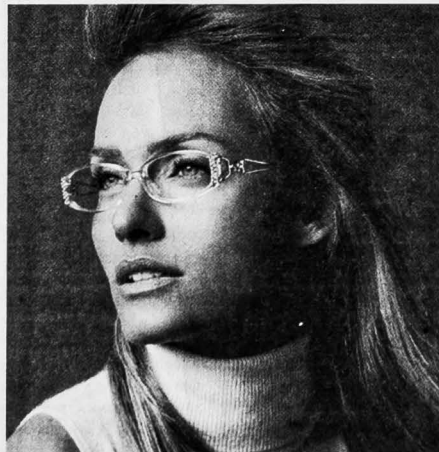
THE LAST DROP

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